Chronicles

February 1997

A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

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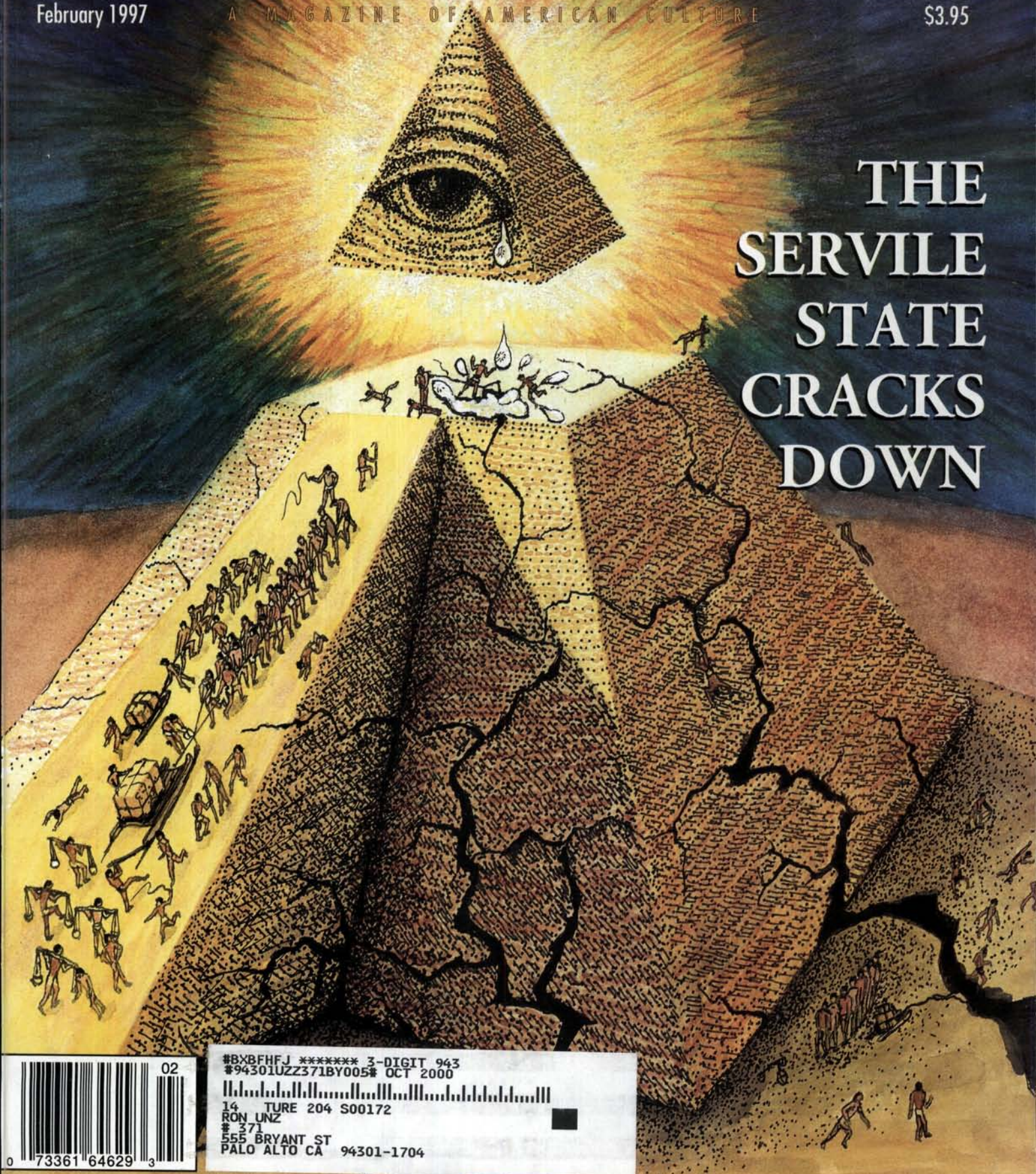

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A publication of The Rockford Institute.
Editorial and Advertising Offices:
934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103.
Editorial Phone: (815) 964-5054.
Advertising Phone: (815) 964-5813.
Subscription Department: P.O. Box 800,
Mount Morris, IL 61054. Call 1-800-877-5459.

U.S.A. Newsstand Distribution by Eastern News Distributors, Inc., One Media Way, 12406 Rt. 250 Milan, Ohio 44848-9705

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Chronicles (ISSN 0887-5731) is published monthly for $39.00 (foreign subscriptions add $12 for surface delivery, $48 for Air Mail) per year by The Rockford Institute, 934 North Main Street, Rockford, IL 61103-7061. Preferred periodical postage paid at Rockford, IL and additional mailing offices. POSTMASTER: Send address changes to *Chronicles*, P.O. Box 800, Mount Morris, IL 61054.

The views expressed in *Chronicles* are the authors' alone and do not necessarily reflect the views of The Rockford Institute or of its directors. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Chronicles
A MAGAZINE OF AMERICAN CULTURE

Vol. 21, No.2 February 1997

Printed in the United States of America

POLEMICS & EXCHANGES

On Immigration

In his review of Chilton Williamson, Jr.'s *The Immigration Mystique* ("Myths and Mistakes," November 1996), Paul Gottfried takes issue with my own review of the same book appearing in the *Wall Street Journal*. He accuses me of misrepresenting Mr. Williamson's argument that because the assimilation of immigrants was difficult in the past, it stands to reason that the assimilation of immigrants will be difficult today. The problem, however, is that Mr. Williamson actually makes a somewhat different claim, that because immigrant assimilation *did not* happen in the past, it *cannot* happen today. "Immigration is a failure because assimilation, contrary to national myth, never really occurred," he writes.

My own view is opposite that of Mr. Williamson. Although many immigrants from Eastern and Southern Europe had a difficult time adapting to their new country at the start of the 20th century, Americanization and the melting pot essentially became realities for them and their descendants. This does not mean that assimilation inevitably will work again today, but it suggests quite strongly that it might.

I won't stoop to respond to the *ad hominem* attacks Mr. Gottfried launches in my direction. But I must insist that the only misrepresentation of Mr. Williamson's book that I've seen has come from the pen of Mr. Gottfried.

—John J. Miller
Center for Equal Opportunity
Washington, D.C.

Mr. Williamson Replies:

Stepping between my critics for a minute, I must admit that my natural sympathies are with Paul Gottfried's representation (in *Chronicles*) of my book, rather than with John Miller's misrepresentation of it (in the *Wall Street Journal*). While Dr. Gottfried reads me as saying that the assimilation of immigrants in the past was "difficult," Mr. Miller paraphrases my argument as claiming that the assimilation of earlier immigrant waves "did not happen"—and proceeds immediately to quote directly, *and* correctly, from the book itself: "Immigration is a failure because assimilation, contrary to national myth, never really occurred."

The key word in that sentence is "really," meaning "fully" or "completely," as the embedding text makes clear. The truth of the sentence strikes me as obvious and therefore unexceptionable, certainly not irresponsible or inflammatory. Even if it were both, however, my argument regarding the failure of American immigration is, architecturally speaking, a coda, in no sense the main subject or dominating theme of the book. Rash as it may sound coming from the reviewee, my chief regret is that Mr. Miller (described by Peter Brimelow, a previous target of his, as "the most unscrupulous of contemporary immigration enthusiasts") did not review more of the work, rather than less of it. Because nowhere in his treatment of *The Immigration Mystique* did Mr. Miller suggest that it is essentially a meditation on the debate on immigration, and a critique of the moralistic—as well as the fundamentally dishonest—basis of the immigrationist position. So I am left wondering: Did Mr. Miller have no cogent answers to the challenges I posed for him and for his immigrationist associates to respond to, or was it simply his intent to chase serious readers away from an encounter with what he fears may be dangerous reading material?

LIBERAL ARTS

THE NEW BRITISH NAVY

Actual excerpts from the British Navy's "206's," officer fitness reports:

-His men would follow him anywhere, but only out of curiosity.

- This Officer is really not so much of a has-been, but more of a definitely won't-be.

(Continued on page 30)

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JOE OCCHIPINTI is continuing the fight to clear his name. Occhipinti, the former INS agent who exposed the Dominican drug cartel's New York operations, was prosecuted and imprisoned in 1992 at the request of New York mayor David Dinkins, who enjoyed considerable support from the Dominican "business" community. Although his sentence was commuted by George Bush in January 1993, Occhipinti wants to exonerate his reputation and obtain the federal pension that is denied him because of his conviction.

Federal agencies have been less than cooperative, and a September 19, 1996, affidavit by one William Acosta—a former 13-year law enforcement official who successfully infiltrated the Medellin and Cali Colombian drug cartels—which Congressman James Traficant of Ohio read into the *Congressional Record* may help to explain the stonewalling. Part of the affidavit states:

> On January 14, 1992, Manuel De Dios, a close personal friend and world renowned journalist . . . corroborated the existence of a drug cartel conspiracy against Mr. Occhipinti. The orchestrators of the conspiracy were major Dominican organized crime figures connected with the 'Dominican Federation' which is the front for the Dominican drug cartel. . . . Unfortunately, Mr. Dios was assassinated before he could bring forward his sources who could prove the drug cartel conspiracy against Mr. Occhipinti. . . .
>
> My investigation also determined that Mr. Occhipinti was exposing a major money laundering and loan sharking operation relating to the Federation which was controlled by the 'Sea Crest Trading Company' of Greenwich, Connecticut. . . . My investigation confirmed that Sea Crest, as well as the Dominican Federation, are being politically protected by high ranking public officials who have received illegal political contributions which were drug proceeds. In addition, the operatives in Sea Crest were former CIA Cuban operatives who were involved in the 'Bay of Pigs.' This is one of the reasons why the intelligence community has consistently protected and insulated Sea Crest and the Dominican Federation from criminal prosecution. . . ."

The Sea Crest Trading Company mentioned above has long been suspected of drug dealing, money laundering, loan sharking schemes. Though Sea Crest has always denied the allegations, documents obtained by Congressman Traficant show that the DEA believes that Sea Crest is behind the $500 million a year money-laundering operation in the Washington Heights area of New York City. According to one such document, attempts to prosecute Sea Crest "have been hampered and legislatively fought by certain interest groups and not a single case has been initiated." Whether the CIA and the Dominican Federation are the "interest groups" referred to is not clear. These DEA documents have long been available to the media and members of Congress, and many of them have been widely quoted by the *New York Daily News* and *Herald News* of Passaic County, New Jersey, which have covered the Occhipinti story for many years.

Former U.S. Congressman and Staten Island Borough President Guy Molinari has also tracked this story, and his independent investigations shed light on how Sea Crest and the Dominican Federation reportedly operate in New York City. As a Dominican businessman explained to Molinari, "Sea Crest not only loans the money for the purchase of the [*bodega*, Dominican grocery], but insists that any store fixtures, including refrigerators, lighting, shelves, air conditioners, cash registers, etc. must be obtained through Sea Crest's suppliers at inflated prices." According to the *Herald News*, Sea Crest's lending rates in 1995 were four percent or more *a week*, which surprisingly is not in violation of any state usury law.

When a *bodega* owner falls behind in repaying his loans, the grocer can reportedly either surrender his business, cooperate with his lender's various illegal activities, such as coupon fraud, or face the consequences. As one frightened *bodega* owner told Occhipinti, "My accountant, he told me, they kill you, no problem. For $1,000, they can get people to do it. I don't want no problem."

According to published statements by former New York Police Detective Ben Jacobson, Sea Crest has been protected from prosecution because the CIA has used the company as a front for covert operations, in particular for laundering money to finance arms for the anticommunist Mujaheddin of Afghanistan. Jacobson even claimed to have evidence that funds from the $200 million a year coupon redemption scheme had financed the bombing of the World Trade Center in 1993.

Jacobson has, however, begun pulling his punches. As the *Herald News* reported on October 18, 1995, Jacobson now gives "contradictory statements about a possible CIA link to Sea Crest or any other criminal front. One motive for Jacobson giving contradictory information, sources say, is that he has been harassed by the Internal Revenue Service during recent days of his Sea Crest investigation."

Three final twists to the story. First, government officials have discussed the possibility of striking a deal with Occhipinti, that in exchange for a presidential pardon Occhipinti would sign a gag order forbidding him to disclose what he knows about Sea Crest; no official deal, however, has ever been offered. Second, in December 1992, the head of the FBI's New York office, James Fox, publicly admitted that there was evidence of Occhipinti's innocence. Fox was suspended shortly thereafter, a few weeks before his planned retirement. Congressman Traficant is convinced that Fox's suspension stemmed directly from the FBI agent's statements about Occhipinti. Third, in 1986, the U.S. Postal Service arrested in South Florida 70 members of a coupon fraud ring who were accused of funneling money to PLO accounts in Europe and the Middle East. This particular group had contacts with the ringleaders operating the coupon racket in New York City. One of the men arrested in Florida was Adnan Bahhur, who was caught on tape admitting that he had ties to members of the radical wing of the PLO. According to the *New York Daily News* on July 4, 1994, four Palestinians from the Abu Nidal terrorist group who were

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arrested the previous year for plotting to blow up the Israeli Embassy in Washington were also deeply involved in coupon fraud.

As Congressman Traficant has argued, only congressional hearings could unravel this tangled skein of malfeasance. One major New York paper reportedly has the opportunity to break this case wide open, but thus far has held off. Perhaps for good reason: several reporters wanting to cover this story have been harassed and in some cases even threatened.

ZAIRE and Rwanda are the latest spots on the map where the U.S. Defense State Department is pinning United Nations flags, now that the tribal conflicts between Hutus and Tutsis have spilled over the borders of Rwanda and Burundi. There is only one hitch: the government of Rwanda does not want us. This is not to say that they do not want our money, food, and blankets; they do (although the American press reports on cold and hungry refugees are a little strange, coming from equatorial Africa, or is it merely a literary commonplace?). It is the U.N. troops they don't want. American journalists profess amazement: Why would the people of any Third World country not want their country occupied by Western soldiers? What atrocities are they hiding?

Zaire is not a name to conjure up memories in the West, but a few of us remember something of the Belgian Congo: a land stolen by King Leopold and later, after the scandals of his brutal exploitation were made public, annexed by the Belgian government which gave carte blanche to European business interests to take what they could. When Belgian rule dissolved in the 1960's, the United States took sides against the leftist Patrice Lumumba, who was murdered by his political rivals (allegedly with American connivance), and supported the rise of Joseph Mobutu, as he used to call himself, before he began his campaign of de-Christianization. Now his full name is Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu Wa Za Banga, which apparently means something like "the rooster who leaves no hens alone." Some Western interests supported the secession of Katanga province, but the U.N. sent troops to save the union—and the regime of "le guide," as he likes to be called.

In a long list of "our SOB's," Mobutu is unrivaled for corruption. In a country where civil servants earn two dollars a month, the leader buys chateaux and villas as other men might buy suits; he charters the Concorde to fly from Europe to his ancestral village; and, according to Anthony Daniels in the London *Telegraph*, "the presidential budgetary allocation alone accounts for a quarter of government expenditures."

The current boundaries of Zaire coincide roughly with those that were drawn up at the Conference of Berlin (1884-85), which gave the Congo basin to Leopold as a personal fiefdom. The territory includes a variety of Bantu-speaking tribes who have no use for each other, much less for the Pygmies or the Nilotic peoples who are cousins of the Tutsi. There is no Zairean nation, no country such as we might understand the term in a Western context, only a state imposed by Europeans and maintained, ever since, by the United Nations and the United States. There is not even the figleaf of cultural and linguistic similarity that was used to cover up the ethnic hostility in Yugoslavia, and what is true of Zaire is true of Rwanda, Burundi, South Africa, and virtually every other so-called nation of sub-Saharan Africa.

All the peoples of equatorial Africa have good reason to fear an invading U.N. army, and the peoples of the United States and Canada should tell their representatives, in plain French and English, that they oppose this latest round of Western imperialism, no matter what humanitarian language is used to coat the bitter pill. This time around one of the "pills" is a morning-after contraceptive the U.N. plans to include in its aid packages for Rwandan refugees—as if overpopulation were the problem in a region suffering from repeated genocides. These people have had enough of our kindness, as it has been ladled out by our (i.e., the CIA's) man in Kinshasa, Mobutu Sese Seko.

—*Thomas Fleming*

BOB DORNAN, the Republican firebrand from Orange County, California, lost his race to retain his House seat. By the narrowest of margins—984 votes—he was defeated by Democratic newcomer Loretta Sanchez.

Dornan had won his previous two elections by landslide margins, but this time around, he may have been a victim of changing demographics. Between 1994 and 1996, California's 46th Congressional District had become over 50 percent Hispanic. Loretta Sanchez Brixey capitalized on the Hispanic ascendancy by dropping her married name and taking advantage of California's lax election laws to blanket Hispanic communities with absentee ballots. In fact, before the absentee ballots were counted, Dornan held a slim lead—233 votes—over Sanchez.

The high number of absentee ballots has raised the specter of voter fraud, and Dornan himself has proclaimed, "I could be the first congressman or senator ever voted down by non-U.S. citizens." He's probably right. Groups like the California Coalition for Immigration Reform have documented the widespread participation of illegal aliens in California's elections. Because voter registration can be conducted by private groups, there's no guarantee that all those making their way onto the voter rolls are American citizens. And Sanchez's campaign manager, John Shallman, has been very blunt about the purpose of the absentee ballot strategy: "We thought this should be a way for [Hispanics] to vote without facing scrutiny and harassment."

To focus on whether illegal aliens put Sanchez over the top, however, is to miss the real import of this election. Hispanic leaders have been more clear-sighted. As Arturo Vargas of the Latino Elected Officials Alliance said in an interview on ABC, "This, I think, is just an attempt by Bob Dornan to . . . prevent the inevitable: that Latinos really are asserting their political strength here in California, and it's a trend for the future of the United States." It's no coincidence that the California Assembly now has a Hispanic speaker.

But the ultimate reason for Dornan's loss is Dornan himself, and other—especially Republican—representatives and senators who have failed to confront the issue of *legal* immigration. In April of last year, *Border Watch*, a publication of the American Immigration Control Foundation, quoted a remark that Dornan had made on CNN: "I want to see America stay a nation of immigrants. And if we lose our Northern European stock—your coloring and mine, blue eyes and fair hair—tough!" In a form letter to those who contacted him about this quotation, Dornan claimed that this statement was taken out of context, and went on to say: "In its proper context, the

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quote . . . means that if an individual is opposed to legal immigration because of physical or cultural differences between themselves and immigrants—then tough! An individual's physical and cultural differences are irrelevant to determining America's immigration policies."

Unfortunately, he's right once again. Cultural differences *are* taboo in the immigration debate. In Washington, where only money talks, immigration is a strictly economic issue. What difference does it make if an immigrant sacrifices chickens to gain invulnerability to bullets, or has his wives burned on his funeral pyre, or sells his 13-year-old daughter to his 40-year-old drinking buddy and calls it a wedding?

As a congressman, Dornan has taken a strong stand against illegal immigration, but so has Bill Clinton. However, as Murray Rothbard once remarked, the threat posed by illegal immigration is minor. Illegal immigrants, after all, are here *illegally*, and they can be deported. Legal immigrants, on the other hand, can stay and change the culture, and as the various waves of immigrants have arrived on America's shores—from England and Western Europe, from Northern Europe, from Central and Southern Europe, and for the last 30 years, from the Third World—they have done just that. Replacing real debate on this issue with empty rhetoric about the "Melting Pot," "assimilation," and the "American Experiment" will only heighten the rate of social and cultural change, rather than ameliorate it.

Loretta Sanchez, née Brixey, is a newcomer not only to her Hispanic heritage but to politics. In her only other run for public office—for a seat on the Anaheim City Council—she used her married name. She's also fairly new to the Democratic Party, having jumped ship from the Republican Party in 1992. Ironically, according to the *Almanac of American Politics 1996*, "In 1993, Dornan said he would run for only one more House term (he says he hopes a Latino or Asian Republican will succeed him)." Didn't his mother ever tell him to be careful what he wished for?

—*Scott P. Richert*

Epicycles:

• *Le plus ça change.* **Bob Dole** gets wiped out, but Ralph Reed is still head of the Christian Coalition and talking about "next time." Mr. Gingrich is again Speaker of the House, and Washington "conservatives" are once again turning over rocks to find a successor to their fallen idol Jack Kemp. Whom will they pick for head GOP cheerleader? Bill Bennett? Lamar Alexander? Harold Stassen? With Republicans like these, we might just as well repeal the 22nd Amendment and make Bill Clinton President for Life.

• The White House was virtually deserted by Christmas, as the members of **Clinton's Cabinet** scurried out of Washington like confidence men trying to stay one step ahead of the sheriff. As we go to press, Janet Reno seems to have locked herself in her room and is refusing to turn over the map to where the bodies are buried. This is a sticky situation. As popular as Reno is in Washington—anyone who kills women and children apparently can't be all bad—the President is reported to be unhappy with his Attorney General's free-and-easy approach to appointing special prosecutors. In the best-case scenario, the Clintons will start leaking rumors about DUI charges, and the Attorney General will retaliate by leaking some of what she knows about her bosses.

• In Italy the **Lega Nord** is moving rapidly to turn its theoretical state of Padania into reality. Umberto Bossi is calling for a March referendum, and the Prodi government, when it is not fawning all over Fidel Castro, is making Bossi's work easier by raising taxes. In November, the Lega held a monster rally in Milano, a city that has always been enemy territory for them. But the Lega wanted to mount a challenge to its rivals in the Alleanza Nazionale, which held a demonstration on September 15, with as many as 150,000 anti-Lega protesters. The counterdemonstration attracted perhaps as many as a million *leghisti*, causing the hostile *Corriere della Sera* to observe that Bossi had won his bet.

• There has been much rejoicing in Little Rock the last few months, in the house that Sam Walton built. Vermont, the last state in the union to resist **Wal-Mart**, has fallen to the lure of low prices and lower-paying jobs. Smelling blood, other "big-box" retailers—Home Depot, Toys-R-Us—have rushed in to claim their share of the carcass of the once-independent state. Outside Burlington, two sprawling megamalls are rising where cattle once grazed. And the global economy marches on.

Obiter Dicta:

Chronicles is illustrated this month by H. Ward Sterett, an artist who works in a variety of media. A resident of Roscoe, Illinois, Mr. Sterett has traveled widely and participated in snow sculpting competitions in Sweden and Switzerland.

* * *

Charles Edward Eaton, who lives in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, has contributed two new poems to this issue. Mr. Eaton is the author of 13 collections of poetry, four volumes of short stories, and a novel, *A Lady of Pleasure*. He is the recipient of the North Carolina Award for Literature, among other prizes. The other poet this month is Geoff M. Pope, who teaches English and creative writing at Dominion College in Seattle. He is editor of *The Salt & The Light: A Journal of Christian Writers*.

* * *

The Jack Daniel Distillery in Lynchburg, Tennessee, has announced the start of the annual Faux Faulkner competition. The winner will receive a trip for two to Oxford, Mississippi, where he will read his entry on the steps of Faulkner's home. Entries must be typed and double spaced, must not exceed 500 words, and must be postmarked no later than February 1, 1997. Send submissions to Jack Daniel's Faux Faulkner Contest, c/o The Faulkner Newsletter, P.O. Box 248, Oxford, MS 38655.

* * *

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Here Come the Judge

by Thomas Fleming

It is the worst kind of nightmare, to wake from a bad dream into a worse one, with the sickening realization that you are condemned to run, like the incredible shrinking man, through an infinite regression of worlds, each more terrifying than the last. My first dream last night was elegiac: a visit to my desolate hometown, where there was no familiar face, no word of welcome. A faceless voice whispered to me: there is no place on earth that you can call home.

I "awake" into the dismal predawn grayness of a November day in northern Illinois, knowing that the shadow will not lighten for several months. At breakfast I pick up the local Gannett paper and see the face of the leader staring at me. Here in the Rockford nightmare, it is not Bill Clinton or Mayor Charles Box or any elected official who cracks the whip and grinds the peasants, but an appointed potentate named Michael Mahoney, who is content to be called "the Judge." His picture is everywhere—in the newspaper, on television; it is a face bloated with arrogance and contempt.

Today, the Judge has made himself the lead story by issuing a decree that local property owners will be assessed another 12 percent (making a total of a 17 percent increase this year), to pay for his favorite sport: a game called musical schools, in which children are bussed around the city, schools opened and closed, academic programs turned upside down and inside-out. The winners—the students who learn the least—are given guaranteed jobs at Burger King, but the Grand Prize (only African-Americans need apply) is an all-expense paid lifetime (Food Stamps included) in a federal housing project of your choice. The Judge's personal motto is borrowed from one of his predecessors: the power to tax is the power to destroy, and he will not rest until he has destroyed the city.

The Judge's chief collaborator—a rich Chicago lawyer who has declared himself the counsel for a class action antidiscrimination suit—will probably think the decree does not go far enough, and at some point he will inevitably enter in another plea, which will cost the homeowners almost as much as the decree itself, and so it will go on into the next millennium. By then the Judge and the Lawyer will be residing in the Dominican Republic or some other place where the living is easy and police protection is cheap.

The Judge (with help from his many colleagues on the federal bench), in his desire to educate the population, has drawn up a new lexicon, in which democracy is defined as the whim of a federal judge, equality means no-quality, and arbitrarily imposed taxes are described as "certificates of participation." In response to this latest judicial *fiat*, the school board will routinely file a motion to stay the order, as it has done so many times before, and, as the Gannett paper puts it, "Mahoney usually rejects the requests."

In other nightmares, there are underground resistance movements, but not in this one. The African-American mayor of Rockford fully supports the Judge in his efforts to bring equity to local education—equity in this case meaning no education for all—and the City Council sit on their collective hands, whistling the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." Every once in a while, a number of school board members try to protest or

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complain, but they are quickly put in their place by the authorities in this one-newspaper town: the mayor, the newspaper, and the local business and community leaders who do not care what happens, so long as word does not leak out into the press. (A local committee of prominent citizens, after studying the school problems, concluded that the district needed to invest in more computers.) But word *has* leaked out, and Rockford is quite properly listed in the *Money* magazine survey of 300 cities as number 300: the bottom, the Pits, a sinkhole headed in the direction of East St. Louis, and deservedly so, because with the exception of Michael O'Brien (a lawyer who has contested the use of the school district tort fund to pay for "desegregation"), a radio talk show host (Chris Bowman), who is actually willing to discuss the facts in the case, and a group of concerned citizens, no one in Rockford is willing to stick his neck out and lead the resistance.

There is a remnant of the old republican regime, in the form of Congressman Don Manzullo, who has introduced a bill in Congress to prevent judges from levying taxes. But in this nightmare world of the late 20th century, no one has ever defeated the Judges. Even Ted Turner, a man brave enough to cut deals with communists and marry Jane Fonda, pulled a TV show on Justice Clarence Thomas, for fear of retribution.

The lawsuit which brought the Judge to power is as complex as *Jarndyce* v. *Jarndyce* in Dickens' *Bleak House* and many times more destructive. When I first moved to Rockford, more than one resident twitted me about the South. "Up here, we know how to handle race problems without stirring up a hornets' nest. We put the gifted and talented programs in predominantly black schools, but the programs are kept separate—in some schools they even have separate entrances. On the books, however, these are integrated schools." But, I protested, surely the minority members on the school board have complained. But, they told me, here was the beauty of at-large elections: no black could get enough votes to win a seat.

The school board progressed from arrogance to recklessness and decided to close down a school in a predominantly black neighborhood, contemptuous—as boards and superintendents always are—of neighborhood feelings. When the inevitable suit came, filed by a group calling itself "People Who Care," I was initially sympathetic with their complaints, although it was impossible not to realize where the city was headed. After years of wrangling and millions of dollars of expenditures, black students are not one whit better off, and the case is out of the hands of People Who Care and converted into a class action suit under the control of a lawyer who is sucking the lifeblood out of a city he does not have to live in. For that matter, the Judge lives 25 miles away in Freeport, meaning decisions about this future ghost town are being made everywhere but here in Rockford.

Like most Americans today, the people of Rockford may seem incurably stupid, but they are not evil. They want to think well of themselves and would not willingly do harm to anyone. Once they changed the method of school board elections, the whole question of equity could have been solved by the usual rough-and-tumble course of political democracy: payoffs, kickbacks, and blackmail. Nobody would have been completely satisfied with the results, but the black neighborhoods on the West Side of town would have kept their schools and received more money, the white suburbanites on the East Side would have congratulated themselves on how liberal they were, and Rockford could have held onto the 296 spot in the places rated survey.

It is probably too late to save this city. In the last election, voters reelected the Democratic mayor who supports, unequivocally, the judicial tyranny that is destroying Rockford. Both the mayor and the city council take refuge in the fact that the school system is not their bailiwick, but if the city's political leaders will not take a stand to defend the community, who will? So far, Rockford voters continue to elect politicians who duck the issue. They might just as well dump heavy metals into the water supply; the effect is the same: a slow and painful death of the community. When sheep vote, they inevitably elect the wolf who tells them there's no such thing as wolves, and they continue to feel good about themselves on the long ride to the slaughterhouse. Here in Rockford, there are no torch light parades or monster meetings held to denounce the school board or the mayor, no motorcade of buses to Judge Mahoney's neighborhood, and no all-night vigils outside his house. People Who Care is gone, and all that is left are People Who Couldn't Care Less.

Once upon a time in America, people like Judge Mahoney would have experienced the exquisite sensation of tar and feathers applied to sensitive skin that has never felt the sweat of a day's work. Today, federal judges can wreck whole communities (with the connivance of elected officials) without facing so much as an unfriendly editorial. And foreigners wonder why there is so little outcry against the militias that have sprung up all over the hinterlands. A better question might be: Who doesn't, in his heart of hearts, sympathize with them? Within the space of a few months, a plausible case has been made against the CIA for importing cocaine into Los Angeles, the Defense Department for covering up the accidental downing of the TWA jetliner, and the entire government for a concerted denial that soldiers in the Gulf War were exposed to chemical weapons.

Most Americans appear to believe their President is a crook and a liar, and virtually everyone in the United States has seen at least one conspiracy tape giving evidence of murder plots hatched in the White House against Vince Foster, Ron Brown, and a host of others. Most of us do not believe any one of them, but what difference does it make? When Presidents routinely order the murder of thousands of civilians in Iraq and Bosnia for no apparent motive, what would they not do when they had a motive? Who knows? More to the point, who cares? Only the not quite 50 percent of the eligible voters who showed up on November 5.

The response of our free press is the same as it has been throughout my lifetime: the Big Lie spilling across miles of ink-smudged columns and echoing down the electronic corridors of radio, television, and NEXUS. As one refugee from communism told me recently, at least with *Pravda* they knew how to get information by reading between the lines. Here in America, we cannot find anything out. This is paranoia, of course, but what explains the widespread paranoia—on both left and right—since the mid-60's? Sunspots? Nuclear testing? Or does it all go back to the day they took the Lord's Prayer down from the walls of the little red schoolhouse? It is small wonder if many Americans believe in black helicopters and secretly admire the men who take potshots at them as they fly over their property.

Not too many years ago, a nice Ohio boy went West looking for the frontier. After cowboying for a time, he took up trap-

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ping and became one of the last of the mountain men. Accused of poaching and bullied by the government agents who came to drag him off to jail, he shot and killed one of them and evaded capture for months. Even after his arrest and conviction, Claude Dallas escaped from prison, and with the help of people who must have known he was a killer, he remained at large for a considerable time. In some parts of the West he was a folk hero, not because he killed a man, but because—unlike the rest of us—he was free.

"Our heroes have always been cowboys," sang Willie Nelson, but not just cowboys: drifters and gamblers, hunters and mountain men, rustlers and vigilantes; unsociable loners from the real Daniel Boone, who hated the sight of a neighbor's chimney smoke, to the fictional Huck Finn who lit out for the territories. American history is a long parade of desperadoes and outlaws, going back to the first American hero, Captain John Smith. On the way to Jamestown, Smith so antagonized the leaders of the expedition that they tried to hang him, and once arrived in Virginia, the former mercenary succeeded in seizing power and in defiance of the proprietors abolished communism and saved the settlement. Smith was the first American to make the choice: live free or die.

From Smith to the present, there has hardly been a generation of Americans in which there were not tough and resolute men willing to defy the law if it was the only way they could defend their way of life: Jacob Leisler in New York at the time of the Glorious Revolution; the Carolina Regulators—the first important vigilante movement; the militiamen at Lexington and Concord; the Shaysites and Whiskey rebels in the years after the Revolution; the filibusters who carved out the state of Franklin, and the drunken brawler, Sam Houston, who went to live with the Indians before he led the war for Texas independence. Most Yankees like to hear the tales of Mosby, Morgan, and Forrest, who risked everything to defend their homelands from the plague of blue-jacketed locusts sent to burn their farms, and even the enigmatic and bloodthirsty ex-Ohioan, Captain Quantrill, has his defenders.

After the war that ended the American Republic, more than a few Confederate officers and soldiers headed to Latin America. Some like General Joe Shelby took service with Maximilian; others ended up in Brazil, where even today they celebrate their Confederate heritage. Along the Kansas-Missouri border, where the war broke out in the 1850's, many of Quantrill's men found it difficult to settle down to the business of everyday life. Some of them had been unhinged by the crimes done to their kinfolk by the Kansas Jayhawkers who plundered and burned their way through Missouri.

There is a wild streak in the American character, but outlaws are made, not born, at least in Missouri. When war came, the Jayhawkers were backed by the Union Army. Brigadier General Thomas Ewing decided to round up and intern the female relatives of men thought to be Confederate guerrillas. Taken to Kansas City, many of the women were herded into a dilapidated building that Ewing had been told was unsafe. The building collapsed, killing four women, and maiming many others.

Instead of learning humanity from his mistakes, Ewing issued his famous General Order 11 forcing the immediate evacuation of all Missouri families from the border area, where their homes were pillaged and burned by the Kansas troops. For years afterward, it was known as the "the Burnt District."

In revenge, Quantrill's men attacked Lawrence, Kansas, and although none of them laid a hand on a single woman, they did carry out the order to shoot any male old enough to hold a gun. Frank James and his cousin, Cole Younger, took part in the raid on Lawrence. Cole's father had been a well-to-do Unionist, but this counted for little, when the Jayhawkers hanged the old man, trying to persuade him to tell where he had hidden his money, or when they burned down his widow's house. Frank James had been captured early in the war and amnestied, but faced with an order to fight for the North, he joined up with Quantrill. His younger brother Jesse came later, after Union militiamen tortured his stepfather and mistreated his pregnant mother.

When the war was over, the Youngers and Jameses found it hard to resume normal life. (The best portrayal of the outlaws as restless youth is Walter Hill's beautiful film, *The Long Riders*.) If the stories are true, Jesse was seriously wounded, trying to surrender. During the war years, Quantrill and Bloody Bill Anderson had taken to robbing Yankee banks as a means of financing their operations, and some of the boys saw no reason to quit practicing a profession they were just getting good at. They even took to robbing trains, a habit frowned upon by the Yankee-owned railroads who hired the Pinkerton Detective Agency to track down and kill the outlaws. The detectives did not succeed in getting the James brothers, but they did attack their mother's house on January 26, 1875, hurling some kind of incendiary device through the window. The result was an explosion that killed Frank and Jesse's nine-year-old half brother and blew off most of their mother's right hand. There were those at the time who called it murder; some even complained when the Governor of Missouri bribed one of Jesse's men to kill him. Living quietly under the name of Howard, the outlaw was shot by Robert Ford, "the dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard and laid poor Jesse in his grave."

There is no doubt that Jesse James was a criminal in every sense of the word, and yet his crimes were condoned or even praised by ex-confederate Missourians who saw them as an almost justifiable response to the oppressions under which they labored.

Joe Shelby, whose life had been saved by Quantrill's men, stood up for his rescuers to the end of his life. Other ex-Confederates romanticized them. Writing in the *Kansas City Times* (September 27, 1872), John Newman Edwards (the James's first hagiographer) described the men who robbed the Kansas City Fair in 1872 as "three bandits . . . come to us from the storied Odenwald, with the halo of medieval chivalry upon their garments."

There were no haloes on Frank and Jesse James, but to understand their character and behavior during the long war against the Yankees—a war that only ended with Frank's acquittal in 1884—requires an historical imagination that is not fettered by the Victorian prejudices of the 1870's or the postmodern sentimentality of the 1990's. The proper historical and cultural context for the Jameses and Youngers is not the Kansas-Missouri border in 19th-century America so much as the Scottish-English border in the age of the ballads—"Fight on, fight on, my merry men all," cries the outlaw Johnnie Armstrong with his dying breath, and this spirit was if anything even more ferocious in the more purely Celtic areas of Scotland and Ireland.

The clansman's loyalty was to his people rather than to someone so distant as a king, much less to something so impersonal as the state. A clan leader like Sorley Boy MacDonnell did not view his followers as so much expendable cannon fod-

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der: they were his family. As Michael Hill relates in his magisterial account (*Fire and Sword*), Sorley Boy watched as Elizabeth's commander, the Earl of Essex, slaughtered the MacDonnell women and children who had been left on Rathlin Island. Writing to his bloody mistress, Essex gloated: "Sorley . . . was likely to run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself . . . and saying that he then lost all he ever had."

Sorley Boy MacDonnell was, in his own way, an outlaw, who defied both the King of Scotland and the Queen of England. His loyalty was to his people. The same can be said of Frank and Jesse, whose loyalty to their mother was part of their legend. Like many another Celtic outlaw, Jesse was a loner who praised God and was not afraid to do the Devil's business:

> Jesse went to his rest with his hand on his breast
> The devil will be upon his knee,
> He was born one day in the Counth of Shea
> And he came from a solitary race.

Whatever the truth is about the Jameses and Youngers, in legend they are the American Robin Hoods, defending their kinfolk and neighbors from an oppressive government that is controlled by the rich and powerful:

> Jesse stole from the rich and he gave to the poor.
> He'd a hand and a heart and a brain.

Jesse was an armed robber and probably a murderer; the same can be said of Johnnie Armstrong the reiver. Both were loyal to their kin and betrayed by government.

The stories are repeated, generation after generation, from Hereward the Wake to Robin Hood to Rob Roy MacGregor to Francis Marion fighting the savage Banastre Tarleton in the swamps of Carolina to the teenage heroes of *Red Dawn*: the outlaw hero is a man who defies authority to defend his people. The logical consequence is obvious: for there to be a Robin Hood or a Jesse James, there must first be a people. That is the question for us as Americans: Are we—were we ever—a people?

The conflicts that culminated in the War Between the States have never gone away, and they live on in the sectional, religious, and ethnic quarrels that are erupting every month: in Los Angeles, in New York, and most recently in St. Petersburg. Underneath the surface there is another conflict, more serious even than the apparently never-ending quarrels between North and South, black and white: the struggle between the rubes and hicks who work out here in the heartland and the city slickers and foreigners who own the government. Most recently it has taken the form of a culture war, between sectarian evangelicals, at one extreme, and the corporate American culture of infidelity and perversity, on the other.

This latest episode in the struggle between the country and small town hicks that constitute the American people and the city slickers who exploit and rule them has no coherent form, because, unfortunately today, the only public debate is between the radical slickers who want to tear down the last vestiges of decency and explode the last standing chunks of rubble that testify to our lost civilization and the more moderate slickers who claim to be the only legitimate spokesmen for the hicks. Even the Christian Right is dominated by epicene and enervated leaders who sold their followers to Bob Dole and kept Ma and Pa Clinton in the White House. If our only choice is between Mr. Reed and Ms. Rodham, between the *Village Voice* and the *Weekly Standard*—we had better all light out for the territories.

One hundred and fifty years ago, when Rockford was on the frontier, the local people suffered under a different kind of oppression: a local gang of rustlers with influence in high places. When the decent elements of the county caught up with the rustlers, they shot several of them and drove the rest out of the area, and when the newspaper condemned the action, they burned down its office. Those were different men and different times, but one thing has not changed: the need for local self-reliance.

For their current nightmare, from which there is no waking, the people of Rockford can expect no outside help. It is up to them to make what they can of their town. Rockford's problems did not begin with the People Who Care lawsuit, but with the entrenched indifference of the People Who Couldn't Care Less. The schools were never any good in Rockford, and no one cared about them until the lawsuit put the school district in debt and raised property taxes. When Illinois passed a law granting home rule to cities that wanted it, Rockford voters turned it down in the belief that home rule would mean higher taxes. A city that will not rule itself should not complain when others do the job for them.

If the people of Rockford—Swedish and Italian, African and Mexican—ever discover that they can be a real city, a community of communities, they can band together to make Judge Mahoney's life miserable, turn out the politicians who refuse to fight, reject all the counsel offered by "professional" educationists and community leaders, and once again take responsibility for their own lives and their own city. If the people of Rockford—who are exactly like the people in other American cities—cannot muster the spirit of community outlawry that will be required, if they are to resist judicial tyranny, then they had better be very clear in their minds that the smaller ethnic communities within the city will not be so timid. When the ties of common interest and citizenship are loosed, all that remains, to bind people to a place, is the ancient gravity of blood and race. ◁C▷

LIBERAL ARTS

JUDICIAL IDIOCY ABROAD

The Enborne Lodge special boarding school for students with learning disabilities in Newbury, England, is receiving £650,000 a year to look after one student, the London *Weekly Telegraph* reported in October. Seventeen-year-old Wayne Richards has been at the school since age 11 and is now not even taught there, yet the school employs 38 teachers, care assistants, and other staff to take care of him. The Lambeth Council, which runs the school from London, marked it for closure three years ago, but the process has been blocked by a judge and legal wrangling by the boy's parents.

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Something Like Waco

The New Federal Police State

by Samuel Francis

About a year after the raid on the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas, by the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, I was invited to take part in a discussion of the Waco incident on a program on the National Educational Television network. The program was a call-in show, and after my hosts and I had recounted the facts of the Waco raid and its aftermath, I was struck by the remarks that several callers from various parts of the country had to offer. Some of them claimed to know or to have heard about similar incidents in which local, state, or federal law enforcement agencies had staged armed raids on private homes or businesses, without adequate proof of wrongdoing by those against whom the raids had been mounted, and with results that often left innocent citizens injured or their property and rights violated. Although neither I nor my hosts on the TV show had heard of these incidents and to this day I have no way of verifying what the callers were reporting, it began to occur to me then that Waco was perhaps far from being an isolated case. Not too long after the show, however, news of just such mini-Wacos began to creep into the light of day.

The television show on which I appeared was filmed in April 1994. Four months earlier, on January 10, 1994, officials of ten different organizations concerned with civil liberties or Second Amendment rights (including the liberal-to-left American Civil Liberties Union and the conservative Citizens Committee to Keep and Bear Arms) had sent an eight-page letter to President Clinton. The letter detailed several cases of what it called "widespread abuses of civil liberties and human rights" and a pattern of "serious abuse" of the law or proper police procedures by federal law enforcement agencies—the ATF itself, but also the Immigration and Naturalization Service, the Drug Enforcement Administration, the Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the FBI. The cases included the Waco assault as well as the attack on Randy Weaver at Ruby Ridge, Idaho, in August 1992, but the letter also discussed several other incidents that were generally unknown to the public and to this day have not received the public attention they deserve.

The letter noted that "federal police officers now comprise close to 10 percent of the nation's law enforcement force" and that "some fifty-three separate federal agencies have the authority to carry firearms and make arrests." Arguing that the cases reviewed involved abuses such as the "improper use of deadly force; physical and verbal abuse; use of para-military and strike force units or tactics without justification; use of 'no-knock' entrances without justification; inadequate investigation of allegations of misconduct; use of unreliable informants without sufficient verification of their allegations; entrapment" and several other improper or illegal procedures, the letter called on the President to "appoint a national commission to review the policies and practices of all federal law enforcement agencies and to make recommendations regarding steps that must be taken to ensure that such agencies comply with the law."

More than a year after the letter was sent to the President, I was told by one of its signers that no response had ever been received, and obviously no such national commission has ever

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been appointed. Columnist Nat Hentoff published a column about some of the abuses detailed in the letter in the *Washington Post* on January 28, 1995, and a few months later I also published a column about some of them, as well as others that had come to my attention, in the *Washington Times* (March 28, 1995). Gun rights activist and expert David Kopel of the Independence Institute, who had been one of the original cosigners of the letter, discussed some of them in an article in *National Review* (March 20, 1995), and from time to time they have been mentioned by one writer or another. But aside from these, there has been no media attention to these cases as a whole or to the dangerous trend that they represent.

Taken together, the cases of federal law enforcement abuses discussed in the January 1994 letter to the President, coupled with several other cases that have come to light since then, constitute just such a pattern as the callers to the television show were suggesting—a pattern that amounts to a federal law enforcement system seriously out of control and operating well beyond the limits of the law. These cases, of course, are extreme and unusual (at least as far as we know), and we can presume that such incidents do not occur in the United States every day. Yet, given the lack of public attention to them and the apparent absence of any interest on the part of any branch of the government in correcting them or restraining the agents and agencies responsible for them, there is less and less reason why such cases should be unusual. If some correction and restraint are not administered, the day will come—perhaps soon—when cases like these are not extreme or unusual but routine.

One case that was discussed in the letter to President Clinton, as well as in James Bovard's book *Lost Rights*, was that of San Diego businessman Donald Carlson. On August 26, 1992, Carlson's home was raided by a DEA and U.S. Customs Service force on the basis of a warrant that alleged his house was a vacant drug storehouse. Carlson had arrived at his home around 10:30 that evening while his house was under surveillance. He could have easily been arrested at that time, but it was not until after midnight and after Carlson had retired that federal agents smashed through his front door. Carlson believed his house was under attack by robbers and reached for a firearm to defend himself. He was shot three times, once in the back after he had been disarmed. Although he survived, Carlson says he will have "lifetime medical expenses" because of his injuries, in addition to the costs of extensive repairs to his house after the feds ransacked it. No drugs or illegal weapons were found on the premises, and it turned out that the agents had relied on a paid informant called "Ron" who later told the *Los Angeles Times* that he had never actually identified a specific house as a storing location for illicit drugs.

The ATF was apparently not involved in the Carlson case, but in a similar raid conducted on September 5, 1991, against a woman named Sina Brush in New Mexico, ATF agents as well as some 60 other federal agents from the DEA, the National Guard, and the U.S. Forest Service participated. This time the charge was that Brush and two of her neighbors possessed illegal drugs. No drugs were found, but Brush and her daughter, dressed only in underwear at the time of the nocturnal raid, were handcuffed and forced to kneel in the middle of the room during the search. As in the Carlson case, the agents had used an unreliable informant and had entered without knocking.

Both Brush and Carlson were considerably luckier than Donald Scott. Less than two months after the raid on the Carlson home in San Diego, agents from the DEA and the Los Angeles County Sheriff's Department in October 1992 burst into Scott's ranch home in the Santa Monica Mountains under the claim that they were looking for illegal marijuana plants. Scott's wife began screaming when she saw the unidentified men breaking into their home, and Scott himself, 61 years old, grabbed a handgun to defend himself and his family. A deputy sheriff shot and killed him. No marijuana plants or other illegal substances were found.

In the Scott case, it appears from a report written by a Ventura County district attorney that the initiative came from the sheriff's office rather than the federal government and that the whole raid was motivated by a desire to seize Scott's valuable real estate under assets forfeiture laws. A "primary purpose of the raid," the report found, "was a land grab by the Sheriff's Department."

Two other cases involving the ATF that were not mentioned in the letter to the President concern the Katona family of Bucyrus, Ohio, and the Lamplugh family of Wellsboro, Pennsylvania. In the former case, Louis Katona III was a part-time police officer and gun collector who continued to build on the extensive firearms collection begun by his father. On May 8, 1992, the ATF launched a raid on his home to seize the gun collection, valued at many thousands of dollars. The premise for the raid was the allegation that Katona had forged the name of the local police chief on forms required under the National Firearms Act for registering certain kinds of firearms. In fact, Katona had left the forms at the police chief's office for his signature, the chief's administrative assistant had signed them, and Katona had later picked them up. The ATF's case against him relied on the fact that the chief himself had not signed the forms and the assumption that Katona had forged the chief's name. Katona was later indicted for the alleged forgeries, but the case was dismissed.

Katona knew of the ATF plan to search his house and cooperated with it, but during the four-hour raid the federal agents became abusive and started taking photographs of various Soviet flags and communist Vietnam war memorabilia displayed on Katona's walls. They showed interest in photographing only the communist paraphernalia, not Katona's own uniforms, medals, and awards, which were displayed on adjacent walls. During the raid Mrs. Katona, several months pregnant, arrived at the house and tried to enter the vault areas where her husband kept his gun collection. She maintains that an ATF agent pushed her violently against a wall and forbade her to enter the vault rooms. That night she began hemorrhaging and subsequently miscarried, she says as a result of her manhandling by the ATF.

Harry Lamplugh was also a gun collector and gun dealer, and on the morning of May 25, 1994, he saw armed men in uniform running around his house. The armed men turned out to be ATF agents, who were looking for illegal firearms. According to Lamplugh, his wife, and their lawyer, former ATF Assistant Director Robert Sanders, the agents ransacked his home and office, seizing not only business records containing the names of some 70,000 of his clients and business associates, but also countless personal records, including birth certificates, marriage and baptismal records, mortgage records, and medical records. Lamplugh was suffering from cancer and says the medical records were essential to his proper treatment, as were bottles of medication the ATF agents spilled indiscriminately

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over the carpets. The Lamplughs also say that one of the ATF agents seemed deliberately to step on one of their pet house cats and then picked it up and slammed the animal into a tree, killing it. Throughout the raid, the Lamplughs say, the ATF agents used abusive language, calling Harry Lamplugh a "motherf--ker" and threatening Mrs. Lamplugh with incarceration in a "cell full of lezzies" unless she informed on her husband. They also reportedly told Lamplugh, "We don't mind you selling guns to niggers because they just kill each other." The Lamplughs and their son were later charged by a federal grand jury with several counts of federal firearms law violations and a count of perjury. Those charges are still pending.

My column on these and similar abuses by federal law enforcement agencies was carried in the *Southern Partisan* magazine in its first quarter issue of 1995. Some months later I received a copy of a letter to the magazine from one of its readers who had seen my column and written the ATF for an explanation. The ATF had sent him a six-page letter, dated September 21, 1995, purporting to refute the contents of my column, which was largely based on the letter to President Clinton of January 1994. The "refutation" consisted mainly of denying the veracity of the Lamplugh and Katona families—denying that Mrs. Katona had been pushed against a wall, denying that pets had been abused or killed in the Lamplugh residence, emphasizing the legality of the warrants used in the raids, and downplaying the dismissal of charges in the Katona case and the absence of charges in the Brush case. With respect to Katona's alleged forging of the forms, the letter recounted the testimony of forensic scientists at the trial that the forms were signed by someone other than the police chief and concludes merely that "The Court found that the Government did not prove beyond a reasonable doubt that Mr. Katona was the one who forged the signatures (as opposed to someone else)." It never reveals that Katona never claimed that the police chief himself had signed the forms or that they had been signed by the chief's assistant (who testified at the trial).

The letter, signed by Patrick D. Hynes, Assistant Director for Liaison and Public Information at the ATF, also denied that ATF agents' faces were painted or that they were wearing camouflage uniforms in the raid on the Brush residence (I had never said they were). The letter spent two pages on the Katona case in response to my one-sentence allusion to it in my column. With one exception, the ATF letter failed to contradict much of anything of significance that I had said in the column or had been alleged in the letter to President Clinton. It made no reference at all to the Scott and Carlson cases I had discussed in some detail (the ATF was not involved in these two cases). Mr. Hynes touchingly closed his letter with an affirmation of the high calling of the ATF:

> Your concern that the law be adhered to is the same concern that motivates our agents to protect the law-abiding citizens of this Nation against those who choose to live by another standard. ATF agents are sworn to respect and uphold the law, and it is within this valued framework that we operate.

For all I know, the ATF may be correct in its account of the details of the searches, but some weeks after publishing the column in March and well before I had seen the ATF's response, I watched a video produced by the National Rifle Association about the Lamplugh and Katona cases in which both families offer their sides of the story (the video narrator says the ATF declined to be interviewed for the video). The account of these cases here is largely based on the interviews of the two families in the video, and quite frankly I find them just a bit more persuasive than Mr. Hynes. In the video, both Mr. and Mrs. Lamplugh and Mr. and Mrs. Katona give detailed, graphic, and often emotional descriptions of the raids, the conduct of the agents, their abusive language, their aggressive and often threatening behavior, their ruinous treatment of the property and private papers of the "suspects," their apparently deliberate killing of a pet cat, their assumption that the targets of the raid were not only guilty but hardened and dangerous criminals, and their lack of respect for the minimal rules of civility and proper procedure. Both Harry Lamplugh and Louis Katona recount repeated instances of anonymous harassment by the ATF, including the slashing of tires on their cars, the placing of dead animals on their doorsteps, harassing phone calls, and harmful and untrue rumors spread about the men among their friends and business associates. The denials in Hynes's letter seem to be based entirely on reports of internal ATF investigations, which consisted merely of interviewing the ATF personnel involved and recording their denials of the two families' allegations. In the light of what is now known about the suppression of internal reports at the FBI with regard to the Randy Weaver case, that is just not enough to be persuasive. Bureaucrats, in camouflage or not, protect their own.

The cases of ATF and other federal law enforcement abuses discussed here are not alone. Similar but less disastrous incidents involving the ATF can be recounted going back to the 1970's, and last spring in St. Louis the ATF was at it again. Around 9:30 P.M. on April 30 last year, what the St. Louis *Post Dispatch* (May 2, 1996) describes as "more than a dozen men in black garb" kicked in the door of the home of Paul and Patty Mueller. The men threatened to kill the family dog, which had become frantic, told Mrs. Mueller to lock the dog in a bathroom and to sit down on a couch, and at gunpoint bound Paul Mueller's hands with plastic wrap and pushed him prone onto the floor. The intruders started yelling "ATF," but the Muellers had no clear idea what that meant. Only an hour later did the armed gang produce a search warrant. In the meantime, as the *Post Dispatch* story describes the raid, "The agents went through the house, emptying shelves and boxes filled with Christmas ornaments and magazines. They tracked mud throughout." After an hour, they told the Muellers they were looking for illegal weapons and showed them the search warrant. Then they ransacked the house for another half hour. Unable to find any weapons, legal or illegal, they departed as swiftly as they had come. "For the first 30 seconds," Paul Mueller told the newspaper, "I thought they were burglars and I was going to die. If they could do this to us, they could do this to anybody." "Was this something like Waco?" Patty Mueller asked.

This time the story made the papers a few days later, and the ATF acknowledged that it had blundered. A police informer had told the ATF that the Mueller home contained a large cache of machine guns and that illegal weapons were being distributed there. It turned out the informer had made up the story, but the crackerjacks of the ATF fell for it and nearly killed an innocent family merely on the informer's claims. The local head of the ATF office said he would apologize to the Muellers. There was no word about damages, and so far no word from Mr. Hynes about the concern for adhering to the law "that mo-

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tivates our agents to protect the law-abiding citizens of this Nation against those who choose to live by another standard."

No doubt there are many ATF cases in which really dangerous criminals are storing, smuggling, or selling weapons illegally, and no doubt in such cases busting down doors in the middle of the night, pushing people to the floor with guns at their heads, and even shouting intimidating warnings in colorful language are appropriate tactics. But in not a single one of the cases recounted here was there any reason to believe that this was the kind of suspect the ATF or other federal agents had to face. Not a single one of them had any record of violence or lawbreaking, and the crimes they were alleged to have committed were not even violent offenses. Police officers investigating a murder suspect do not make use of these tactics, unless they have strong reason to believe the suspect is ready and willing to shoot them on sight.

What is distinctive about most if not all of these cases is that they were carried out against the very "law-abiding" citizens the ATF claims to have a mission to protect, and they are citizens who have no experience of law enforcement at any level precisely because they are law-abiding. In the NRA video, Louis Katona best describes the attitude of most such Middle Americans: "The ATF needs to go after criminals. You know, the honest citizens—they know where he is, so they go after him."

What he is describing is what I have called "anarcho-tyranny," a distinctively new form of government in which the government is either unable or unwilling to apprehend and punish criminals, so it therefore criminalizes the innocent and cracks down on them. I have never heard of an ATF raid on an urban gang, although the stockpiling of weapons by such gangs is commonly known. Gangs might shoot back, you see, so it's much safer to go after the Katonas, the Lamplughs, the Muellers. And if you're wrong, and the bums you consulted as "informants" turn out to have lied to get money or cop a plea, you can always apologize. And if you don't apologize, you can always have Mr. Hynes or some other vassal of the federal leviathan write a letter and intone about your mission to protect the law-abiding.

Almost all of the cases discussed here have been the subject of public accounts in local newspapers, and some of the victims have even testified before Congress. Others have launched civil suits against the ATF or similar agencies, some of which are in progress now. And organizations like those that sent the letter to President Clinton have taken up the causes of those who have suffered at the hands of the federal state. Yet, despite these forms of redress, the abuses continue, as the Mueller case last year shows, and the American public as a whole is not aware of the abuses, let alone their systemic nature. Neither the President nor Congress, nor any major candidate in the national election last year, discussed these cases or addressed the trend they indicate toward the evolution of a national police state, in which law enforcement is able to violate the rights of innocent parties with impunity, nor has any major news media outlet discussed these cases as a whole.

The evolution of a police state may not be the intention of either the agencies involved or of the political leaders who ignore and at least tacitly condone what is certainly a repeated and may be a regular pattern of federal law enforcement behavior, but that evolution is nonetheless real, and the brutality of the ATF and its sister agencies is only one part of it. Other elements in the construction of the coming police state include the demonization of privately owned firearms and their owners, the enactment of gun control legislation in the Brady Act, the outlawing of sales of semiautomatic weapons in 1994, and an increasing push for the outright prohibition of handguns; the attempts to enact "counterterrorism" legislation plainly directed against citizens' militias and domestic right-wing radicalism; the use by the FBI and ATF of intrusive surveillance and investigative techniques against militias and similar groups in the aftermath of the Oklahoma City bombing in 1995; the use of entrapment by these agencies to engineer violations of federal law on the part of the groups they are spying on; the media-concocted hysteria about "church-burnings" last summer, which resulted in a new federal law making the arson of any church for any reason a federal offense; efforts to expand federal police powers, place more police officers on the street through federal legislation, and augment the powers and resources of the FBI (including wiretapping authority); more demands for the revival and further escalation of the "drug war" of the 1980's by Republicans like Bob Dole and William Bennett; and the whole trend toward the nationalization of law enforcement in the name of a "war on crime." The fear and hatred of crime and criminals by the right and the fear and hatred of the right by the left serve to enlist both sides of the conventional political spectrum in promoting the new police state. The avoidance of publicity about the abuses of the federal police agencies tends, over time, to normalize such behavior in the minds of citizens, to legitimize it, and to render it a routine part of government functions.

Given the likelihood of increasing alienation and political radicalization in the United States in the coming years under the impact of uncontrolled immigration, the economic erosion of the middle class, increasingly continuous military involvement abroad, and rising ethnic and racial conflict, the ruling class of the managerial regime may find that a police state is the only means of control it has left. Its ideological defenses of both liberalism and mainstream conservatism no longer seem to bind the Middle American subjects of the regime to it, and the emergence of a militant (and occasionally extralegal) Populist Right that rejects the legitimacy of the federal government and even, sometimes, of the political unity of the nation-state is certainly perceived as a direct threat by the ruling class and its apologists. The regime can expect to continue to manipulate, buy off, and entertain most Americans with what remains of its corporate economy, government benefits, and its managed culture of sitcoms and amusement parks, but for some citizens, these manipulative controls will not work, and sterner measures will be needed to keep the regime intact and the class that runs it in power.

The emerging police state, then, for all its swagger about the "war on drugs" and keeping us safe from "those who choose to live by another standard," has nothing to do with maintaining order and punishing real criminals but everything to do with the systematic repression of those Middle Americans who express disenchantment with the new order and who organize or represent points of resistance to it. It may be too early as yet for the secret police forces and paramilitary units of the regime to eradicate organized Middle American resistance carte blanche, but what those forces already are doing and have done to uncounted innocent victims suggests that they are only just warming up to their final solution.

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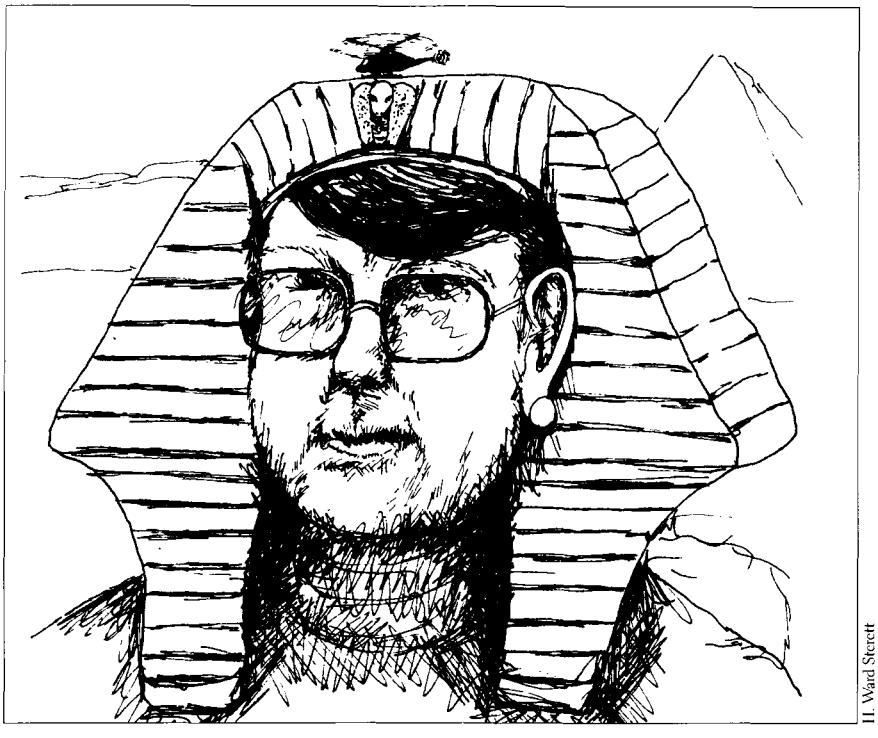
Black Helicopters and the Morning Militia

by Sarah J. McCarthy



H. Ward Sterett

People in other cities, said an Army spokesman, don't get their feathers ruffled during midnight helicopter invasions. What is it about Pittsburghers that caused them to pour into the streets in their underwear during recent treetop antiterrorist maneuvers? Nine Army helicopters swooped into Pittsburgh one midnight in June, complete with the sounds of mock gunfire and explosions that shook the ground. "In my grandma's neighborhood," said Kelly, "people laid down in the streets. The noises came in through the open windows. The helicopters were flying so low you could've hit them with a broom handle. They thought the communists were coming to take over, or that it was aliens!"

Timothy, the owner of LaDolce Vita Sweet Shop, said he wasn't surprised to see masked soldiers sliding down ropes onto rooftops from helicopters. "They've been doing extractions around here for a long time," he said, referring to Pittsburgh's missing persons. One woman, as she peered out her apartment window in the wee hours at the unmarked black helicopters, said, "Oh my God, the militia was right!" On the other hand, "These people are a bunch of crybabies," decided Grandpa Bup, a World War II veteran. "They should've felt the ground shake when a 3,000 pound bomb was dropped on London."

The helicopter exercises, conducted by the U.S. Army Special Operations Command based at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, were to have continued all week but were promptly canceled after the public outcry. Army spokesman Lieutenant Colonel Ken McGraw said similar training had been conducted in other cities, including Los Angeles, Dallas, Miami, and Detroit, with few complaints.

Sarah J. McCarthy writes from Pittsburgh.

According to the local scuttlebutt, the Army is concerned that conditions in certain cities are ripe for racial conflict. Pittsburgh had several serious racial incidents involving blacks and the police in 1996, beginning with the death of Jonny Gammage, a cousin of Pittsburgh Steeler Ray Seals, when he was stopped by suburban police for a traffic violation.

The morning after Pittsburgh's helicopter invasion, Tom Marr, a Philadelphia talk show host, said that invariably in these situations the "black helicopter crowd" comes out of the woodwork, spreading rumors that the Pentagon is ready to aim its guns at American citizens. In Pittsburgh, listeners to Jim Quinn's Morning Militia talk show were primed with a healthy skepticism to just say no to black helicopters.

At 6:00 A.M. on weekdays, Quinn's Morning Militia listeners are burrowed under their covers like friends around a campfire listening to ghost stories—only Quinn engrosses his listeners with right-wing conspiracy theories. It's trendy to trash right-wing radio—no one wants to be part of what Al Gore calls "the extra chromosome crowd"—but just like kids who want to hear *Where The Wild Things Are* read over and over, listeners find that conspiracies can be fun.

Quinn has regular callers, such as Larry Nichols, a Clinton appointee to the Arkansas Development Finance Authority, who usually calls from somewhere in hiding. Like many right-wing activists, Larry fears for his life. Sounding a bit panicky, he called the other morning to tell Quinn that there had been another "Arkancide," the name for all those untimely and suspicious deaths around Arkansas that look like suicides. The newest Arkancide, claimed Nichols, was one of his "witnesses," and he would call back the next morning to tell us who it was. Stay tuned.

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Many believe that a Dixie Mafia is the enforcer against anyone who knows too much about the Clintons or the drug deals going down at Mena Airport. Talk show callers make it their business to report anything unusual at the airport—any tidbit they might have picked up on the Internet, like when a runway is being lengthened. It is surprising how many people on the Internet live within five miles of Mena. These people may be swamp dwellers, but they are not dumb. They know that during the Clinton presidency, which *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd characterizes as "exploding cigar," paranoia can employ ya'. Even a Dole ad man, she says, is teaching his pet parrot, Ernie, to repeat: "Whitewater—guilty as sin!"

Quinn, who is said to have the best grasp on the Mena story of anyone in the country, introduces Mena Updates with snippets of "Smuggler's Blues" by Glenn Frey of the Eagles. It was not long ago that these strange stories of midnight plane landings and drug drops were thought to be in the same category as Elvis sightings at the K-Mart. But not anymore. Roger Morris, for example, the award-winning liberal author of *Partners in Power*, contends that one of the government officials who knew and possibly colluded with the drug cartel is Bill Clinton. Morris concludes that there is a "numbing accumulation" of evidence that Governor Bill Clinton knew of the drug smuggling operation at Mena Airport in the 1980's, allegedly run by his close friend and major campaign contributor, Dan Lasater. "Several Arkansas state troopers and other government agents have said that Clinton not only knew about this traffic, as any governor would," says Wesley Pruden of the *Washington Times*, "but protected it, as a lot of governors wouldn't."

Arkansas state trooper, L.D. Brown, testified that in 1984 he moonlighted as a CIA contract employee. At Clinton's urging, Brown accompanied pilot Barry Seal on a flight from Mena to parachute M-16 assault rifles into the jungles of Central America. A former narcotics investigator, Brown has testified that he was shocked and dismayed by the discovery that duffel bags of cocaine were smuggled back on the return flight. Upon returning to Little Rock, Brown, Clinton's close friend and bodyguard, says he approached the governor and asked him, "Do you know what they're bringing back on those planes? They're bringing back coke." According to Brown's testimony, Clinton responded, "That's Lasater's deal."

As governor, Clinton steered millions of dollars in state bond money to Lasater, an Arkansas "Bond Daddy," despite the fact that Lasater was under investigation by the Drug Enforcement Administration for narcotics trafficking. Though Lasater was a "showy philanthropist for children's causes, in private he was a relentless purveyor of cocaine," reports Morris. At the Senate's Whitewater hearings, Lasater admitted that he provided cocaine to underage girls. After serving only six months of a two-year sentence for drug trafficking, Lasater was pardoned by Governor Clinton.

Lasater was a "fixture" at Governor Clinton's home, reports Morris, who "came to the mansion whenever he pleased, entering by the back gate and walking through the kitchen." While Lasater was in prison, his business, including power of attorney, was handed over to his trusted associate, Patsy Thomasson, who to this day is working in the White House as Administrator of White House Personnel. Her duties include drug testing of White House employees.

Scott Wheeler, the producer of "Mena Cover-up," began his investigation under the suspicion that drug smuggling at Mena was a covert government operation, an offshoot of gunrunning flights to Central America. In time, Wheeler came to believe that it was something much more sinister. Although the cocaine came into Mena on return trips of CIA-operated aircraft, Wheeler now believes that the Dixie Mafia or Latin American drug cartels are running the operation, calling the shots through bribery and blackmail, and that Bill Clinton was too "compromised" to resist them even if he wanted to. "Give me some for my brother," says Roger Clinton on a narcotics surveillance tape. "He has a nose like a vacuum cleaner."

Occasionally, major media outlets pick up a glimmer here, a glint there, of the Mena and Whitewater stories. They appear like silver fish under murky waters, such as when the Betsy Wright character in charge of "bimbo eruptions" was portrayed in *Primary Colors* as a Clinton enforcer, threatening people at gunpoint to "get their mind right."

The *Wall Street Journal* recently devoted three-quarters of its editorial page to the "Lonely Crusade of Linda Ives," one of the many baffling Mena Airport stories. Ives, whose son was found killed on the train tracks at Mena because (it is suspected) he witnessed a drug deal, appeared as a guest on Quinn's show. She told of her quest to navigate the labyrinth of the Arkansas bureaucracy to find out who killed her son. As so often happens in Arkansas, many of those having information about his death have turned up dead or have been driven out of town.

It is, of course, the Mena stories, and the attacks by government agencies at Waco and Ruby Ridge, the coverups about purloined FBI files and White House enemies lists, planes falling mysteriously from the skies without explanation, FBI and Secret Service members in public feuds with the President, and yes, even the arrogance of surprise military invasions of black helicopters, that have given rise to the hypervigilance and mistrust of government that characterizes the Clinton presidency. If the 60's were The Age of Anxiety, and the 80's The Decade of Greed, the 90's are shaping up as The Season of Suspicion.

You can hear it on talk radio, on short wave, and on the Internet. Quinn introduces these bizarre goings on with the 60's song, "Something's Happening Here. What it is ain't exactly clear," and ends up speculating that Clinton seems almost a pawn of some shadowy organization bigger than himself, such as the mob or Colombian drug cartel. "Is the United States so awash in cocaine cash that it has become a narco Republic?" he wonders aloud.

Callers sometimes get impatient with Quinn's mysterious stories taking as long to evolve as Ashley Abbott's love affairs on *The Young and the Restless*. Will he be the next Woodward and Bernstein, or just another in the tradition of great Irish storytellers? When one of the tales breaks into the dominant media, Quinn's listeners consider it to be proof that they were right after all—at which point Quinn reminds his listeners that they heard all this two years ago on his show. "The ugly truth is a beautiful thing," he says. "Too much truth for some people."

I was never a person to believe in conspiracy theories. I never bought a tabloid, except for the time *The Star* ran the irresistible headline, "Family Flees Talking Doll," but many of Quinn's stories are compelling. It is strange that Vince Foster's death occurred on the same day that the FBI searched Judge Hale's office in Little Rock. Hale, straight from a government witness protection program, testified that Governor Clinton pressured him to hand over $300,000 fraudulently to his Whitewater partners.

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The story of Craig Livingstone, we presume, will become an increasing part of talk radio lore, given Livingstone's role as the creator of Chicken George, and his place in the center ring of the controversy over Vince Foster's missing car keys. Indeed, upon hearing some of these stories, it is difficult to decide whether to laugh or cry.

On the morning after the disappearance of former CIA Director William Colby, I was reading *Strategic Investment*, a financial newsletter. Its editors, researching the theory that Vince Foster was murdered, financed the trio of handwriting experts who declared Foster's suicide note a forgery. The newsletter announced that Colby had just joined their board. Newswires reported that Colby had left for canoeing on the night of his disappearance with his radio on and his computer screen glowing in the dark, a half-eaten clam dinner on the table. His body was found without shoes or life jacket, which his wife says he always wore. He was a cautious man, she said, who would never go canoeing in two-foot-high whitecaps with 25-mile-per-hour seawinds.

Jim Davidson, editor of *Strategic Investment*, told Quinn's listeners that the death of his friend Colby was indeed "suspicious." The media announced, however, that Colby had simply had a stroke, no foul play involved. Maybe the otherwise cautious and sensible former intelligence head did go out in the middle of dinner in a storm without his life jacket or shoes to do some whitewater rafting in his canoe. It is possible, I suppose.

What to make of these newest stories, I wonder, rolling along on the Whitewater rapids, getting ever closer to the Deep End? What are we to make of the many mysteries surrounding the death of Ron Brown, who shortly before his plane crash in Bosnia warned the President and First Lady that he would not take "the rap" alone, that if indicted on criminal charges, he was ready to bring down Bill and Hillary with him? And could it be true, as Quinn says, that Patsy Schroeder was told to resign from the House by the Angel of Death? The Angel of Death, first unveiled in *Media Bypass* magazine, is someone from the CIA who visits Congress, telling members to retire after it is discovered that they have transferred illegal monies to foreign bank accounts. "Another One Bites the Dust" is Quinn's Angel of Death theme song, played each time a congressional resignation is announced.

Like cutting-edge scientists working on a hypothesis, talk radio listeners in the freewheeling land where wild speculation sometimes becomes truth, and sometimes not, have the obligation to discard erroneous suspicions, like chimpanzees tossing out dry peanut shells. Deciphering the difference between junk science and a Nobel winner is what separates conspiracy theorists from just plain nuts.

Quinn relishes his role as the guy with his ear to the ground, captain of the Morning Militia, ahead of the Rush, pushing the envelope and bungee jumping across the Deep End with wild stories, irreverent humor, serious in-depth analysis, fascinating guests, and the most provocative talk show in town.

What are we dealing with here, I wonder, monster stories for grownups, Radio Free Pittsburgh, or a little of both? What if Woodward and Bernstein dismissed Deep Throat as some kook who lurked in underground parking garages? "I just lay out the facts," says Quinn. "Decide for yourself whether to believe them or not."

The Shepherd

by Charles Edward Eaton

It is an image I propose these disrupted and divisive days:
The shepherd on the hill, a sunny day, the sumptuous sheep—
It says: Give him your worries, he will put them out to graze.

Somewhere, deep down in our emotions, he is still alive:
Tall, sinewy, black-haired, gray-eyed, tranquil, almost to a fault—
Today, yesterday, near, far, the Seven Hills of Rome still thrive.

For it is cross-over, space, time, over, over, that you desire,
This going up and down the hill, this gazing at the peaks,
This knowing that the love affair of man and earth will never tire.

One can be speeding down the road, hell-bent, and sense the hyacinthine locks,
See a stretch of meadow, glimpse a girl turned shepherdess,
And you are back a thousand years, drinking sunshine, tending flocks.

Change the station—such a difference in the choice of a cassette!—
This is what our latent, long-lived tones and pictures do for us:
Among the hills of Rome I am waiting for her yet.

Do not think it foreign then, too faraway, my gray-eyed look—
I know as well as anyone these images must all come home,
But slowly down the twilight lane, and gently with the crook.

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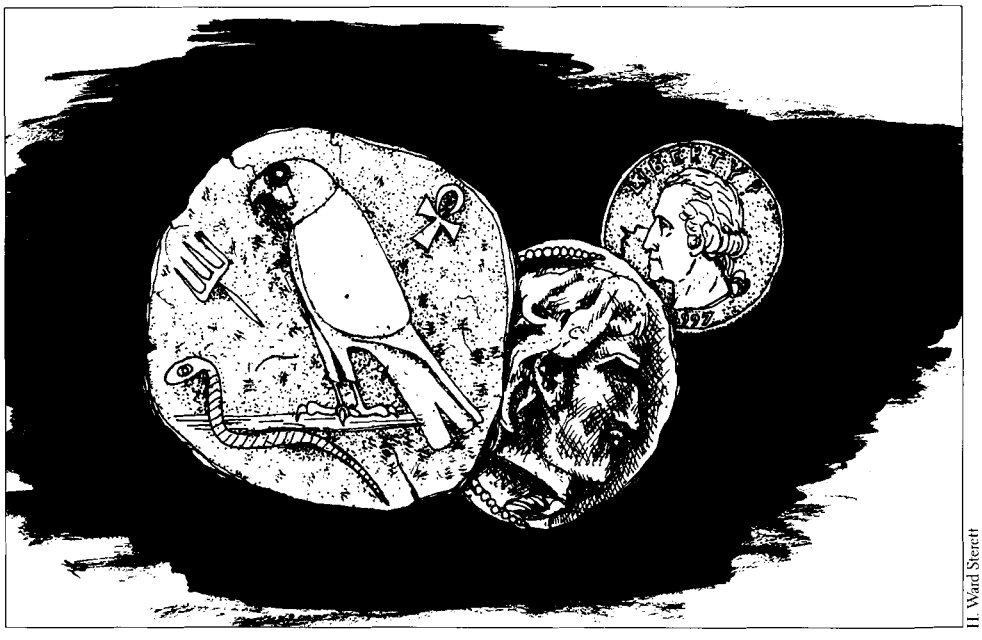
The Most Dangerous Man in the Mid-South

by Franklin Sanders



H. Ward Sterett

This is the first of a series of first-person reports from American citizens who have run afoul of the bureaucracy. While we have made reasonable efforts to verify the accounts, the stories are personal statements of the authors.

Almost 30 years ago, just a few weeks before I got married, I found a strange book on a drugstore bookstand: *Capitalism, the Unknown Ideal*. It was a collection of essays about a philosophy of freedom. Two dealt with the American monetary system. The author explained that nothing—*no gold or silver*—backed our currency. He argued that, sooner or later, this *fiat* money system would lead to disaster, and that only a money backed by real value—gold—could last.

That author was Alan Greenspan. Since then our careers—Alan's and mine—have taken very different paths. In 1967, Alan Greenspan was already a fairly well-known economist. In the 1970's, President Ford appointed him to his Council of Economic Advisors. In 1987, he was appointed Chairman of the Federal Reserve Board of Governors. Funny, he does not talk much about gold anymore.

In 1967, I was a college senior. Susan and I were married on December 16, and when I graduated in 1968, the draft board gave me 30 days to frolic before conscription. I arrived at Fort Polk, Louisiana, one hot October night, caught the Army bus out to the post, and sat down behind the driver, facing across the bus. I opened my copy of Aristotle's *Works* and began reading.

I noticed I was the only man on board with hair. The fellow sitting across from me asked, "Whatcha reading?" Wordlessly, I flipped up the book so he could read the title on the spine. "Boy," he said without any reflection, "have *you* come to the wrong place."

In 1969, I retired from the Army to attend graduate school in German at Tulane University. The next year I received a full scholarship to the Free University in West Berlin, where I saw firsthand what unchallenged state power could do. The West was pulsing with life and light, the East dead and empty. In the Museum of the Wall at Checkpoint Charlie, I read the last radio message from the Free Hungarians in 1956: "Tell Europe we are dying for them."

After Susan and I came home late in 1973, I worked in several businesses, learning what it means to "make your way in the world." I kept studying economics and monetary systems on my own and in graduate classes. In 1980, I opened my own business in West Memphis, Arkansas, across the Mississippi from Memphis, selling physical gold and silver. The first thing I did was write to the Arkansas Attorney General to explain that I thought exchanges of gold and silver money for paper money were not subject to the sales tax, since they were exchanges of money for money. What was his official position?

He never bothered to answer my certified letter. Or the second. Or the third. When he finally responded, it was only to say he would not answer. I wrote to the Commissioner of Revenue, and told him what I was doing. Nobody ever bothered to answer that certified letter either, so I reported all my sales as "exempt." Every month.

A year later, in 1981, a Revenue officer showed up to audit my books. I told her what I did was not taxable, and that every trade contract included a confidentiality guarantee to my customer. She could see them if she would indemnify me in case some customer sued for breach of contract. Alas, she did not want to cooperate, so she just multiplied all my "exempt" sales

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Franklin Sanders writes from Memphis, Tennessee. He publishes a monthly Christian investment newsletter called The Moneychanger.

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by the sales tax percentage, added penalties and interest, and sent me a bill for about $30,000.

Thus began my pilgrimage through the courts. I had landed smack in the middle of Legal Never-Neverland: monetary law. Of course Article I, Section 10 of the Constitution says, "No State shall make any Thing but Gold and Silver Coin a tender in payment of debt." Of course the definition of "money" at the head of the Arkansas tax title says, "The term 'money' or 'monies' shall be had to mean and include gold and silver coin." Of course the U.S. Code (Title 12, Section 152) says that "lawful money" means gold and silver coin of the United States.

State and federal constitutions, state and federal statutes, state and federal court decisions, Supreme Court decisions, all speak with one voice: *gold and silver coin are money, bank notes are not*. But whether I raised the issue in a Revenue Department administrative court, chancery court, or federal district court, I ran into the same terrified reaction. "The monetary emperor is naked! Federal Reserve notes aren't really money! Quick, rule against this clown and drag him out of here!"

I appealed the agent's assessment, and lost at the administrative level, and in administrative court, too. I appealed to chancery court, had a trial, but once again lost. By then it was December 1983, and I received a letter from the Arkansas Revenue Department demanding I fork over $120,000! A few days later two deputies came to collect their "judgment." Through several well-nigh miraculous providences, they got nothing. That night, I decamped from Arkansas and wrote a friend a long letter about my ordeal. Remember that letter.

I moved my business to Tennessee, doing exactly the same thing, exchanging gold and silver money for Federal Reserve notes. By this time I realized that although every American had a constitutional and legal right to gold and silver money, Americans could not use them in everyday business. We had the right to sound money, but no means. We needed an interface between the paper system and gold and silver.

So in May 1984 I opened a gold and silver bank. It attracted depositors like wildfire, and on June 18, 1985, it even caught the attention of two IRS Criminal Investigation Division (CID) agents, who popped in to announce that I was under criminal investigation.

In the next three years, the IRS treated me to the full-court press. They got my bank records, and on the U.S. Attorney's stationery wrote all my customers, demanding that they send records from their dealings with me to the CID agent and threatening the recalcitrant with subpoenas. These letters chilled my customers' enthusiasm. It got harder and harder to make a living.

On September 18, 1986, five agents from the Tennessee Revenue Department appeared at my office with a search warrant, pawed my files and records for two hours, and hauled off boxes of personal papers. That was the first—and last—I heard of them for a long time. They immediately turned over my papers to the IRS.

In the spring of 1988, the IRS and the U.S. Attorney's office leap-frogged their investigation from me to my church. There was nothing unusual about the church. It was not a "tax protest" church, just a member congregation of the conservative Presbyterian Church in America. The Assistant U.S. Attorney subpoenaed church members before the grand jury and grilled them about the church's teachings. Did the pastor teach people not to file income tax returns? Did the church have militia practice in the woods? Survival training? Did the church hand back contributions under the table? About the only thing they did not accuse us of was trafficking in nuclear warheads.

We landed in the catch-22 maelstrom of official suspicion. The more the pastor and the elders proved to the U.S. Attorney's office that these accusations were lies, the more convinced of deceptiveness they became. The Assistant U.S. Attorney issued a subpoena to the church for all her records: counseling, sessional, financial, everything. The session of the church offered to consider any request for specific documents, but refused to open the Bride of Christ up to a fishing expedition.

At dawn on January 9, 1990, the IRS struck. Although the agent investigating me knew very well that I was not violent, IRS agents and Tennessee Revenue Department agents roared into my driveway while the SWAT team in their black ninja suits poured out of the woods on either side of my house. They attacked with reckless disregard for the safety of my wife and seven children. All they needed to do was pick up the telephone and tell me I had been indicted, and I would have gone downtown. No, these IRS thugs wanted headlines from a sensational "pre-dawn raid" to scare the sheep for tax season, and to make me and my wife look violent and dangerous.

After they arrested me and Susan, the IRS refused to leave my home. Three IRS agents stayed until the end of the day and refused to let my children leave the house. The agents were waiting for a search warrant so that they could steal my records and computer.

On the ride downtown I had no idea what was going on. Why would they arrest Susan? She had never done anything other than minor secretarial work in my business, and spent all her waking hours homeschooling and raising children. When I stepped into the jail cell, I began to understand. They had indicted her to blackmail me. My friends, customers of the gold and silver bank, and numerous church members were already there, including my pastor and assistant pastor. The indictment was an inch thick. In 72 pages, it charged 26 defendants with conspiracy to defraud the government, willful failure to file, and other malefactions.

The government claimed that the gold and silver bank was a tax evasion scheme to hide income. Not even two years in the Army had prepared me for stupidity of this magnitude. How could we hide income when almost everything we took in was in checks, and we deposited the checks into our bank account? Oh, yes, we did pass some of the checks along to other dealers to pay for gold or silver we bought for them, a common practice in the industry and perfectly legal. This, the government taught us, was "laundering checks," a sinister activity. But every *bank* deposit I had made was a count on the indictment! And Susan—poor homemaking, homeschooling Susan—was the Number Two conspirator, right after me!

My bond was set at $150,000, fully secured. For comparison, that same day they arrested a child molester and set his bond at $10,000, not secured. I stayed in jail from Tuesday until Friday, when my parents put up their house to get me out of jail. When the federal marshals released me at 5:00 P.M., sheriff's deputies were waiting to arrest me, and me alone, on *state* charges.

I believe but cannot yet prove that an ex-IRS agent had been sent to work for the Tennessee Revenue Department to get the search warrant the IRS could not get, and to figure out some

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way to charge me under state law. (You're not paranoid if somebody really is persecuting you.) I was charged with violating a statute that had been on the books for 19 years: TCA 67-1-1440(d), "delaying and depriving the state of revenue to which it was lawfully entitled at the time it was lawfully entitled thereto." In all those 19 years, not a single Tennessean had discovered how to violate it, but I had. Truth to tell, I had not even figured it out, since I was accused of "delaying and depriving" the state of revenue the amount of which was *unknown* and to which the state had never become lawfully entitled. They accused me of a crime I could not possibly have committed, because I did not know it existed. Never mind, due process just slows things down.

They were charging me with not collecting sales tax on exchanges of gold and silver money for paper money. You know—like when you go to the bank and give the teller a twenty, and she gives you back a ten and two fives, less sales tax. What? She does not charge you sales tax? Of course not, because it's an exchange of money for money.

But neither the state of Tennessee nor any other state can admit that gold and silver coin are money. If they do, they will admit they are operating outside the law. The monetary emperor is naked, and state officials from the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to the governor to the second assistant tire checker are afraid to tell him. They should be afraid, because the monopoly on money creation is the jugular vein of the feds' control.

But in January 1990, I did not have time to worry about state charges. Susan and I were both facing 19 years in jail if convicted in federal court. We knew the statistics, too. Humanly speaking, we had no chance. Ninety-eight percent of federal tax prosecutions end in guilty verdicts.

The next year and a half was a struggle. Only a survivor of a criminal prosecution could understand how it hammers your soul. Most defendants never make it to trial. Through the investigation alone, federal agents and prosecutors can destroy their businesses and their families, and break their spirit. Stripped of business, money, family, and hope, most plead guilty just to end the nightmare. In our case, one poor defendant pled guilty with no idea what it meant. When a defense attorney asked him whom he had conspired with, he screwed up his face in confusion and paused several minutes. "I dunno. Myself, I guess."

Our trial began on February 26, 1991, over a year after our arrest. Day after day I had to listen as the prosecutor hatefully twisted everything I had ever done into something evil. This went on for four and a half long months. The government entered immaterial documents by the hundredweight.

To the charges of "willful failure to file income tax returns," we argued that no statute makes anyone liable for an income tax (except "foreign withholding agents"). No one—not the federal district court judge, not the Assistant U.S. Attorney, not the IRS, no one—was able to point out that statute, because it does not exist.

Here was a "man bites dog" story if ever there was one, but were the local media interested? Hardly. The first day of trial was covered by an old reporter for the *Commercial Appeal* who with great insight described issues and characters. Next day he was yanked off the case and replaced with a hack who published

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Restaurant by the Sea

by Charles Edward Eaton

The man was exhausted but suddenly relaxed: he felt
happy, he felt well—
It would not throw him if he should open clean white
oysters at a table
And find dead ears, in their liquid of sorrow, lying on the
shell.

This is the man, you see, who has swallowed a pound of
grains
And no matter what you set before him he will delve and
find a pearl—
Why split the mind so often if you cannot count upon a
little something for your pains?

Make him do it then, make him show you how as long as
he is able—
Bring him a bucket of blue-lipped, recalcitrant clams,
Leave a knife, a napkin, and little else at your dour table.

He will bend down and lend an ear to all those saturated
ears,
Tap with his knife: May I come in, your friendly, local
surgeon
Who has learned at the end of a long, hard day not to be
queasy with your fears?

How to be limpid, life-loving, and totally without
qualms!—
So many people sit us down at bleak, uncompromising
table d'hôte
To find the pearl when none is there, for those extended
palms.

I have known hard days and sat alone, curiously alive, in a
sad café,
Been given a knife to rap on the table like a medium for
messages—
A pearl, a plate of ears, at the end of my strength and what
have I to say?

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whatever official line the U.S. Attorney's office gave him. But our jury was more open-minded. On July 9, 1991, the jury returned its verdict: 17 defendants not guilty on all counts. But I still had to face a state trial. I no more than caught my breath when I had to dive back down into the sewage of the "justice system."

The state trial started in May 1992 and lasted three weeks. The judge and the prosecution did their best to keep out my evidence—evidence that showed how many hundreds of hours I had haunted the law library to study my position and make sure I was right. It did little good. Remember the letter I wrote a friend when I escaped from Arkansas? The Revenue Department had seized it in 1986, and the prosecutrix used it to make me look like a hypocrite. Even at that, three jurors held out for three days. I later talked to one of the holdouts, and he said that one of the women who gave up said, "Oh, well, he'll get another trial on appeal." On May 18, 1992, I was convicted on two counts of "delaying and depriving."

A month later the judge sentenced me to two years in jail, but he suspended all but 30 days, provided I would pay $1,000 a month for 73 months as "restitution" and do 1,000 hours (half a year's work) of community service. With seven children to support, it was a deal I could not refuse.

I appealed. In August 1994, the Court of Criminal Appeals overturned one count of the conviction for double jeopardy. I could not be guilty of one count of "delaying" and one count of "depriving" for the very same conduct. On the money issue, however, the real heart of the case, the court dodged and denied all my arguments.

We appealed to the Tennessee Supreme Court, and they heard the case on All Saints' Day, 1995. Dr. Edwin Vieira, Jr., constitutional attorney and America's foremost expert on monetary law, prepared the briefs and argued the case. For over six months we heard nothing. Then on May 28, 1996, the Supreme Court affirmed my conviction, once again dodging the money issue.

I am still appealing, this time into the federal system, but the appeal could not be filed quickly enough to prevent my arrest on June 28, 1996. The petition for *habeas corpus* in federal district court was assigned to the same judge who had tried our federal case. She took jurisdiction of the appeal, but refused to order my release. From June 28 until July 23, I was a guest of the Shelby County Jail and the Shelby County Penal Farm.

Why keep on fighting? After 15 years, why not just put down the load and forget it? Because the fiat money system is both the strength and weakness of America's tyrants. It bleeds the people's wealth and labor, but it also threatens to collapse under its own weight—or whenever the scales fall off the people's eyes. With its green engravings of famous Americans, electrons whirling around in bank computers, and loans created out of thin air, it is one vast confidence game. As long as the people believe they cannot see the emperor's naked pink flesh, his power and dignity will be preserved. But let one boy holler, "Hey, he's nekkid!" and the whole system collapses.

I did not sally forth looking for dragons to slay. The dragon came to me. He came with a lie, and either you oppose a lie, or you become a liar. You can kid yourself and say you are only going along because they have all the guns, but day by day, year by year, your integrity erodes. Finally, you become like the tyrants: just one more liar.

Even if you have no chance to win, you have to fight. Not many are willing, but even a few keep the tyrants from sleeping at night. If we do not fight, how many more Ruby Ridges and Wacos will there be? How many more SWAT team attacks? How many more police checkpoints? How many more bureaucrats watching your bank account and your finances? How many more children held hostage by IRS agents? The Bill of Rights is already dead.

The government spent five to ten million dollars (two million on the trial alone) trying to jail me and my wife and my pastor and assistant pastor. The Assistant U.S. Attorney here in Tennessee told one lawyer that I was "the most dangerous man in the mid-South."

Both sides on this issue cannot be right. Either the government is right and gold and silver coin is not money, or I am right. This is not a gentlemen's "difference of opinion." If I am right, and if I win in the courts, then no state will ever be able to charge sales tax on gold and silver coin again. The greatest obstacle to free trade in gold and silver will have been removed. We will have broken down the last illegal roadblock to sound metallic money.

* * *

POSTSCRIPT: Because the conditions of probation were so burdensome on him and his family, Mr. Sanders returned to jail and was relocated to a medium-security prison in November. Readers who wish to contribute to his defense fund may send their contributions to his wife, Susan Sanders, at P.O. Box 341753, Memphis, TN 38184-1753.

Grammatical Engagement

by Geoff M. Pope

A quotable nose;
parenthetical hair;
elliptic breath
in the transitive air.

I love you beyond
the comparative degree.
It's a syntactical bond—
your active voice encloses me.

And I love you above
every mood and tense,
and propose we become
a compound sentence.

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Four More Years

by Chilton Williamson, Jr.

"Where law ends, tyranny begins."
—William Pitt

The Seduction of Hillary Rodham
by David Brock
New York: The Free Press;
452 pp., $26.00

Boy Clinton: The Political Biography
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.
Washington, D.C.:
Regnery Publishing, Inc.;
356 pp., $24.95

◆

On the eve of the inauguration of the second Clinton administration, reading biographies of the First Couple is like reading *Airport* while waiting to board a transcontinental flight. A morbid interest in gruesome facts and events is further titillated by the anticipation of horrors to come. Nevertheless there is comfort in reflecting that, barring the President's assassination or an attempt by him at a coup organized by uniformed homosexuals of both sexes, both he and his wife, 50 years hence, will be as little remembered or marked by history as President Franklin Pierce and . . . he was a bachelor, wasn't he?

Emmett Tyrrell's and David Brock's books contain fresh facts while training differently angled lights on their subjects, but in the end they largely confirm what was already known, perceived, and suspected about Bill and Hillary Clinton. Still, it is not entirely clear to me that anything more was really necessary, or possible; what these authors do, moreover, they do very well. Taken together,

H. Ward Sterett

Boy Clinton and *The Seduction of Hillary Rodham* demonstrate conclusively that the first "co-candidacy," and later the first "co-presidency," in American history (excepting only Richard Nixon's well-known compact with the Devil) has been a yoking not just of the consummate politician with the driving ideologue but of the worst of American political opposites—the Yale Law School and the state of Arkansas—to elevate and refine the American kakistocracy to a hitherto unimaginable perfection. Whether Bill Clinton moved up in going to New Haven, and Hillary Rodham moved down in following him back to Hot Springs, is not a question worth arguing. According to Mr. Tyrrell, Yale and Oxford radicalism was "the cultural semen that accounts for President Bill Clinton; its egg is in Arkansas"; as, for his wife, Wellesley and Yale were the egg that produced her, its semen being the corrupt, one-party system of government operating from Little Rock.

Tyrrell certainly has the goods on Mr. Clinton, so far at least as the facts of his malfeasance, in Washington, D.C., and in Arkansas, can be known and inferred; of particular interest are his revelations concerning drug-smuggling operations at the tiny airport at Mena. More valuable in assessing the political phenomenon that is Bill Clinton, though, is his insight into the narcissistic compulsive mania that is the secret of Clinton's political success, nationally as in Arkansas. Having noted the young governor's slight legislative successes over six terms, which prefigure future presidential sterility in Washington, Tyrrell argues that the chief reason for Clinton's failure to pursue his initiatives to their conclusion was his disinclination to be less than all things to all men (and all women). Invoking what he calls the "Chronic Campaigner," Tyrrell suggests that Clinton is in this respect representative of other successful politicians of his generation, not an exception from them. "Past politicians enjoyed wielding power for high purpose or low gain. They were more apt to take risks and face defeat. Though he usually devotes more energy

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to politics, the Chronic Campaigner takes fewer risks." He adds astutely, "For years the Chronic Campaigner has been handing over power to bureaucrats, to judges, to anyone who will protect him from having to make a potentially unpopular decision so that elected officials no longer have the power that they once had." Perhaps George Will has this development in mind when he refers to the "miniaturization of the Presidency." As Tyrrell reflects, "[the Clintons] almost always settle for a semblance of power." At least, Mr. Clinton does. What seems likely is that the Chronic Campaigner is a product of the sensate culture with its cult of personal celebrity and its search for the endless high. "Clinton," Tyrrell says, "is a very reckless man. . . . [He] is not courageous, but he seems always to have been a daredevil."

Another reason for Clinton's desire to be on both sides of every issue, Tyrrell explains, is the determination of the "Coat and Tie radicals" of the 1960's and 70's to "have it all." With that determination comes an "incomparable capacity for double-talk," and also a prehensile ability—shared by old associates of Clinton's like Ira Magaziner, Robert Reich, Mickey Kantor, and his own wife—to market themselves without having actually produced anything. It is hard to say whether the ubiquity and influence of politicians like these creates or reflects a characteristic of the electorate observed after the 1996 elections by Maureen Dowd, when she wrote that Americans apparently want liberal politicians who are really conservatives, and conservative politicians who are actually liberals. In any case, Tyrrell is surely correct in concluding that the 60's radicals' combination of amorality with self-righteousness is having historic consequences. "So closely have they identified with all the good causes they have espoused that at some point in their development they assumed that they themselves *were* good causes."

They were, in other words, self-seduced: a form of seduction that seems not to have occurred to Mr. Brock, whose sensitive and balanced treatment crosses the line at times to play the Devil's advocate. Bill Clinton's First Lady, he insists, is "not a phony," but fundamentally a "good person" led substantially astray by a variety of bad influences, the greatest of which is Bill Clinton himself. The major weakness of this meticulously researched, well-written, interesting, and agreeably humane book is that its principal thesis belongs to the little-bit-pregnant school of moral reasoning. One cannot, first of all, be seduced unless at least half of oneself acquiesces in the seduction ("*Vorrei e non vorrei*; . . ."). Secondly, had the seduction of Hillary Rodham not occurred as Brock describes it, what then would she be today? Certainly not the First Lady of the United States. Otherwise, it is impossible to imagine her much differently from David Brock's evocation.

As Brock tells it, the irresistible temptations to which Mrs. Clinton proved unequal include the influence of a Methodist minister who urged her to read the Bible as a basis for political action and pointed out the similarities between communism and the Christian faith; the political theory of Saul Alinsky, the Machiavellian organizer who persuaded several generations of activists that the ends always justify the means, and that law is simply the instrument of the ruling class; "Boy Clinton," the attractive narcissist who went about the Yale quad telling people he was going to be President of the United States some day; Marian Wright Edelman, who taught her to think of government as an instrument of virtue and a tool for social progress; her tenure as chairman of the Legal Services Corporation when, in protracted confrontation with the Reagan administration which sought to curtail the LSC's activities, she took shortcuts across the rules in order to achieve what she conceived to be noble ends; the one-party system in Arkansas, breeding "a certain moral arrogance and carelessness about any appearance of impropriety or possible ethical lapse"; and, finally, the prospect of attaining her life's ambition by following a script rewritten by her husband's handlers in 1992 to make her more appealing to the conservative majority of the American public. Had these temptations not arisen, or had Hillary Rodham found strength to cry, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" at the climax of her moral crises, then, Brock suggests, things might have turned out differently. How differently? Well, her expertise acquired from her work with the LSC, the Children's Defense Fund, and the New World Foundation might eventually have won her a federal judgeship, or a seat in the Senate. Maybe it would have; then again, perhaps it wouldn't. The trouble with this line of argument is, if Hillary had had it in her to reject her various temptations, then she wouldn't be Hillary but some other woman, whether judge, senator, First Lady, or the first female drill sergeant at the Virginia Military Institute. The What If approach is, if anything, even less promising when applied to biography than it is to the study of history. Like everyone else in the world, Hillary Clinton, having made her bed, now must lie in it, even if it has been known to accommodate four or five people at a time.

Brock's reading of the Clintons' partnership indeed suggests a certain inevitability, a fatedness. "The co-candidacy . . . may best be understood not as a cold political bargain but as a kind of co-dependency. Bill and Hillary not only complemented one another in a remarkable way: over time they came to seem eerily necessary to one another, as though neither can really exist or succeed on their own." Brock's account leaves absolutely no doubt that without benefit of his wife's practical efforts and hardheaded political astuteness, the Chronic Campaigner would neither have retaken the governorship in the 1982 race that made the later presidential run possible, nor would he in all likelihood have succeeded in his bid for the presidency. On the other hand, lacking almost entirely her husband's personal charm and appeal to the voters, Hillary must have recognized that electoral politics, practiced in her own right, was not the means to the political power and influence that she sought. So, in addition to fatedness, there remains the matter of convenience as a principal factor in the Clintons' unconventional marriage. The more we learn of the Clintons, it seems, the more nothing about them changes.

So far as the Whitewater scandal goes, Brock makes the best defense for Mrs. Clinton that we are likely to hear outside a court of law with a very high-priced attorney arguing on her behalf. Hillary Clinton, he suggests, knowing little of her husband's dealings with James McDougal but having allowed herself to be compromised by the Arkansas mob into which she had married, was willing to risk the appearance of wrongdoing by representing Madison Guaranty; later, when accused of the doing itself, she engaged in what may have been illegal tactics to cover over the appearance. Since charges of influence-peddling and money-grubbing have registered hardest with the cohort of disillusioned feminist pro-

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fessional women who were formerly among the First Lady's greatest admirers, Brock makes a particular point of stating his belief that Hillary Clinton is no phony. "Hillary has been nothing if not up-front about what she stands for, but the mainstream press has been unreliable in reporting on her real views and also in explaining the extent to which Hillary is the ideological engine driving the co-candidacy."

Unfortunately, Brock's own book contradicts this claim. For instance, Hillary Rodham was not up-front when she misrepresented to Congress what the Legal Services Corporation was really up to, what it wanted all that money for; nor had she, along with her colleagues on John Doar's Watergate Committee, been up-front in the Committee's representations to the House Judiciary Committee of which it was an adjunct. Granted, she was absolutely candid meeting *in camera* on a variety of left-wing appointive committees—but not always outside those committees, and hardly at all in electoral politics, where she has often kept mum and submerged herself from view in preference to speaking her mind. It is fair to say, then, that whereas Bill Clinton is always a phony, Hillary Clinton is a phony only when she thinks she has to be—which is a great deal of the time. The closer she has approached to power, moreover, the less forthright and more open to seduction has she become.

Hillary Clinton, in Brock's view, is "a revolutionary—though a type of revolutionary that is not easily recognized by most Americans. She is a 'soft' revolutionary—or 'establishment' radical—of the kind that thrives today in the social democracies of Western Europe and Scandinavia." Bill Clinton, for Brock, is the pathetic product of an alcoholic home, a compulsive liar and philanderer who wants to be admired by every man in the world and loved by every woman: an operator with no ideas, political or otherwise, and no legislative agenda other than that of his wife and what Bruce Lindsay once called her little friends. The President's way is the Arkansas way: power as a means of acquiring boodle, influence, free sex, and cheap drugs. The co-President's way is the Alinsky way: power in order to abuse the law for the purpose of tearing society down, as if it were a quaint historical neighborhood, and replacing it with a high-rise project whose inhabitants are closely regulated by an absentee management. Between the two styles of government, it seems to me, the Arkansas one is infinitely preferable; yet, as things stand, we can look forward to a combination of the two, another four-year partnership between Harry Thomasson and Doris Meissner. The question is not whether, as conservative critics have recently argued, the American legal structure has been tortured into illegitimacy by ideological politicians and judges, but whether the government itself, staffed by an anti-American personnel, is today the deadly enemy of the American people and their interests. ©

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Sadly for Adlai

by William Murchison

The Stevensons: A Biography of an American Family
by Jean H. Baker
New York: W.W. Norton;
577 pp., $30.00

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"Madly for Adlai," proclaimed the campaign buttons in 1952. But Adlai Ewing Stevenson II wasn't the kind of politician who aroused mad affections, or, for that matter, hostilities. He was a Stevenson. Passion isn't the Stevenson thing; service is—service conducted with objectivity and a certain fidelity to the public weal. Jean Baker, professor of history at Goucher College in Towson, Maryland, performs service higher than she may have imagined when she undertook this detailed examination of a major American political family. She produces tears of nostalgia and little quivers of affection for a time when dignity and politics lived peaceably beneath the same roof. To read this book is to realize anew how noxious and disgusting the political profession has become.

In Adlai Stevenson there was so little of raw ambition that it shocks. True, he confessed himself the victim of "a bad case of hereditary politics," but this was only around the time he was considering a race for the governorship of Illinois, at the age of 47. Earlier, he had contemplated a race for the U.S. Senate, but lacked the drive to undertake it. There was always a tentativeness to the way the Stevensons sought political office. The first Adlai Ewing Stevenson—grandfather of the 20th-century presidential candidate—was surprised, the author writes, to achieve national prominence. He lacked strong belief in his own abilities, notwithstanding the moderate successes he enjoyed. "Perpetually available, irresistibly likable," the ex-congressman became Grover Cleveland's running mate in 1892 on the strength of his party loyalty, his Southern connections, and his pro-silver convictions. Supreme Court Justice David Davis, who knew him well, once endorsed him as a man "of large liberal and conservative views."

Adlai II, on whom this large book justifiably centers, was himself a man of mixed convictions. He worked in the New Deal's Agricultural Adjustment Administration, but without the reforming passion that drove so many New Dealers. A lawyer, socialite, and club man, he liked the idea of drifting back and forth between public and private affairs. He was the poorest excuse for an ideologue the Democrats have turned up in a half a century. His motive was to serve: to provide honest, public-spirited leadership. All right, so you might not want to follow where he led, but at least no interior vision drove him stumbling, shouting, back-stabbing through the political thickets.

The Democrats gave him their presidential nomination in 1952 despite his unwillingness to ask for it. He "entered the campaign," Baker says, "with his benighted nineteenth-century notion intact that men must be chosen for office, not seek it." The eloquence of his speeches falls charmingly on the ear in this, the year of that's-what-it's-all-about oratory. Here is one sample: "The road we travel is long, but at the end lies the grail of peace. And in the valley of peace we see the faint outlines of a new world; fertile and strong." He was forever editing his "secular sermons." "His texts," observes Baker, "were the Bible, the Presbyterian Prayer Book, a Unitarian language absorbed in his childhood, and the evocative quotations gathered by friends and staff scribbled in a black notebook. His theme became a self-defined search for morality that he encouraged other Americans to join." Tact was never his long suit. He informed the American Legion that he would "resist pressures from veterans . . . if I think their demands are excessive."

Of course he lost. And may well have deserved to. But the way he lost continued to entrance true Stevensonians, like Eleanor Roosevelt. They nominated him again in 1956, with worse success than the time before. He was as eloquent as ever. "He observed more than he explained or solved." He paid scant attention to blacks, women, and the poor. Eisenhower and Nixon ate him for lunch.

That was essentially it for Adlai II (though he served in the Kennedy administration as United Nations ambassador: a more consequential job than it has since become). Neither Jack Kennedy nor Lyndon Johnson—hard, practical, modern men—had much use for Stevenson and his flights of eloquence. Probably he would have made an average President at best. On the other hand, against the lurid backdrop of the 90's, his civility and intelligence, not to say his sense of public spirit, make a larger impression than was the case when such characteristics were more widely taken for granted. Nor is this to overlook the discreet adultery that consoled him during an unhappy marriage which ended in divorce. At least he didn't send state troopers on amatory errands.

Curiously, Baker's extensively researched, well-written book, though theoretically concerned with politics, isn't very revelatory about politics—the game or the causes that inspire the game. Social history is the professor's bag. There is no large viewpoint here—almost no sense of the gigantic political forces at play during Stevenson's heyday, such as New Deal radicalism, the unions, Goldwaterism, black-white tensions. At the same time, Baker bids us notice how the young Stevensons' set in 1920's Chicago disported themselves. Interesting, but not quite to the point.

Baker also has a fussy penchant for bringing up the maleness and whiteness of political audiences in an age when females and nonwhites barely figured in politics. Architecture too is a problem, given the author's mission. The concluding chapters, dealing with Adlai III's lusterless senatorial career, are sadly anticlimactic.

It's a good book anyway, even a necessary one. We need these periodic reminders that things, politically speaking, don't have to be as they are. If you never dreamed you could pine for Adlai Stevenson—why, you may just have misjudged.

William Murchison is a nationally syndicated columnist for the Dallas Morning News.

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Managed Citizenship

by Paul Gottfried

Americans No More:
The Death of Citizenship
by Georgie Anne Geyer
New York: Atlantic Monthly Press;
352 *pp.*, $23.00

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Georgie Anne Geyer is no stranger to the immigration issue. For years her syndicated columns have included spirited criticism of efforts toward the redefinition of American identity. They have attacked what Geyer calls the "citizenship mill," the thoughtless naturalization of masses of Third World residents (not all of them legally in the United States), bilingual education, and the increasingly weird expressions of multiculturalism. Taking relentless aim at these targets, her book features mind-boggling accounts (worthy of Sam Francis) of such enormities as publicly financed celebrations of Aztec deities in municipalities that also ban Christmas displays, and the extension of voting rights to illegal Marxist immigrants in Tacoma Park, Maryland. Geyer throws light on the extent to which naturalization is a political ploy, used to increase the electoral strength of those groups who work to have it expanded. She exposes the reasoning of liberal immigration expansionists by citing them directly. In one particularly revealing comment, Doris Meissner, Commissioner of the INS, explains that "Naturalization helps counteract anti-immigrant attitudes" and should therefore be "promoted." Geyer does not cite an even more outrageous statement quoted by Peter Brimelow in *Alien Nation*, by Earl Raab, director of Brandeis University's Institute for Jewish Advocacy, according to whom we should welcome the prospect that "Half of the American population will soon be non-white and non-European. We have topped the point when a Nazi-Aryan party will be able to prevail in the country."

Despite her underscoring of the problem that Americans are no longer citizens in their own country, Geyer might have done more to set this problem in its proper context. While Chilton Williamson and Wayne Lutton have explained the historical process by which we have reached the point described by Geyer, *Americans No More* barely touches on the real reasons for a changing and denatured American identity. All too often the author falls back on neoconservative commonplaces uttered by invariably "brilliant" scholars. However, contrary to what Geyer may have been told, Max Lerner was not a distinguished historian but a journalist; Bruce Fein is a neoconservative columnist and lawyer, not a legal scholar, etc. Nor are the remarks she heard William Bennett and other neoconservative luminaries deliver at Washington conferences worthy of respectful note. They do not illuminate the background of our current liberal notion of citizenship.

Geyer quotes approvingly another icon of neoconservatism, Abraham Lincoln, who spoke on the changing composition of the American Republic in an Independence Day speech in 1858, without grasping the cultural context of his words. Though Lincoln was struck by the fact that most of those then living in the United States could not "trace connection with those days [of the founding] by blood," he insisted that they could return to that "glorious epoch" by embracing the principles of the Declaration of Independence, "the father of all moral principle." At least as striking as Lincoln's appeal to the Declaration is his sense that the "ethnic history" of the early republic had been broken. Like Ralph Waldo Emerson and other Eastern Republicans, Lincoln believed that the United States was significantly different in its ethnic composition from what it had been 70 years earlier. Yet that republic, still predominantly Northern European and Protestant as well as heavily rural, continued to enjoy what John Jay in *Federalist* 2 considered one of the special advantages of the American Republic: being "a people descended from the same mentors, speaking the same language, professing the same religion, attached to the same principles of government." Obviously Lincoln, who planned to send manumitted slaves back to their ancestral continent, believed there were cultural limits to how far citizenship could reasonably be extended. Opposition to slavery, for Lincoln and some other Republicans of his time, did not signify a dedication to a modern "inclusive democracy."

Since then, the United States has changed dramatically in its ethnic and political character. It is not the same country it was in the mid-19th century, having lost the ethos that once defined it as a cultural and constitutional nation. As Aristotle pointed out, a regime does not stay the same by virtue of occupying the same place for several generations, if the original people have been displaced by another. In the case of the U.S., the displacement has been twofold: first, Americans tolerated the arrival of peoples increasingly different from the founding stock; next they transformed themselves in ways that would have made them alien to their own ancestors. In time they lost their cultural understanding of "democracy" and "constitutional government," in ways that Geyer actually applauds since these have done away with sexism, racism, and other forms of parochialism. Geyer perceives that the consent of those already here is no longer required for the acceptance of culturally bizarre and impoverished applicants for American jobs, and American citizenship. Yet she fails to note sufficiently the changing meaning of the word "democracy," which refers no longer to popular self-rule but has become synonymous with socialization and political management. One cannot fully understand the breakdown of consensual citizenship without taking into account the nature of managed mass democracy. The "death of citizenship" is not an abuse to be corrected by advocacy journalism and seminars on the virtues of Lincoln. It is the inevitable byproduct of the managerial revolution applied to popular government, and it represents a problem now confronted by even vestigially Western peoples.

Paul Gottfried is a professor of humanities at Elizabethtown College in Pennsylvania.

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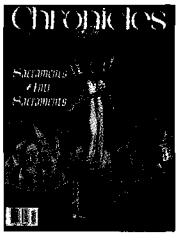

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The Paralysis of Science

by John Caiazza

The End of Science:
Facing the Limits of Knowledge in the Twilight of the Scientific Age
by John Horgan
Reading, Massachusetts: Helix Books/Addison-Wesley; 309 pp., $24.00

◆

In *The End of Science*, John Horgan, a staff reporter for *Scientific American*, writes about his encounters with both scientists and philosophers of science and concludes that modern science is coming to an end.

In every significant field of scientific research, from neuroscience to cosmology, theory has reached so great an impasse that new breakthroughs seem impossible. Although Horgan's approach relies more on the testimony of the scientists themselves than on analysis of their theories, his argument is, nonetheless, convincing, as he recounts, for example, the frustration of physicists who cannot yet cobble together a theory that combines electromagnetism with gravity, or quantum indeterminacy with relativity. The latest contender for a "TOE" ("theory of everything") is "superstring theory," which assumes that subatomically short "strings" exist in ten dimensions, a theory so abstract and complex that it has only the most indirect connection with the world of common experience. Furthermore, testing such fundamental physical theories requires an atomic accelerator called the "Supercooled SuperCollider," a project so expensive that the federal government refused to continue its funding after spending five billion dollars on it. The end of science is foretold as much by economic constraints as by the impasse of theory.

On the other hand, Horgan's reportorial stance has led him to approach science, and its place in our culture, as other reporters treat their fields; he is as cynical as a war correspondent, and as addicted to the derogatory tag line at the end of an interview as the worst television reporters. He suspects that scientists are not worthy of their reputations, although the author himself has no more experience of conducting a scientific experiment than Sam Donaldson does of running a presidential campaign. More seriously, Horgan fails to consider the cultural implications of his conclusions. With the "end of science," the entire Enlightenment project—which includes capitalism, individual rights, mass education, rationalism, and representative government—is brought into question.

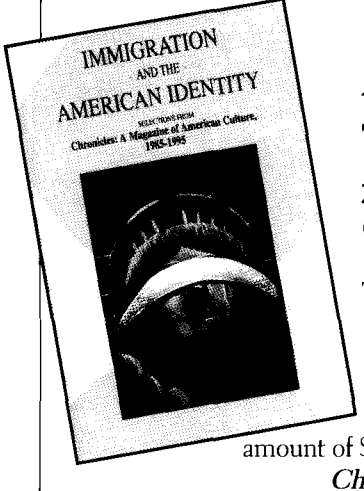
Nevertheless, he does arrive at a conclusion that befits his background as a former student of literary criticism. Unable to proceed to any further major discoveries, modern science, Horgan believes, has become "ironic" science. "The most important function of ironic science is to serve as humanity's negative capability. Ironic science, by raising unanswerable questions, reminds us that all our knowledge is half-knowledge; it reminds us of how little we know. But ironic science does not make any significant contributions to knowledge itself. Ironic science is thus less akin to science in the traditional sense, than to literary criticism—or to philosophy." But "ironism" means the acceptance of relativism as the basis of human existence, in which multiple and discordant descriptions of reality are possible. Ironism, having infected literary criticism and political philosophy, now threatens science, which has stood as the validator of truth in the Enlightenment tradition, and the proof that the human mind could attain to an ultimate foundational reality. Science is slowly giving up its status as guarantor of truth, however; for it is riven not so much by the attacks of multiculturalists and deconstructionists as by the spectacle of theoretical impasse apparent in so many of its disciplinary fields.

It is important to see what possibilities lie beyond the end of science besides "ironism," which is after all a form of resignation, of the despair that comes with

CONCERNING IMMIGRATION

"The presence in this volume of California's Governor Pete Wilson, easily reelected since his essay 'Citizenship and Immigration' first appeared in *Chronicles*' November 1993 issue, is only one reason *Chronicles*' editors can fairly say: you read it here first."

—*Peter Brimelow,* Forbes



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finding truth, carrying with it the conviction that we cannot "know" any truth at all. Independent of other principles, science is unable to mantain its own code of values, which includes honesty, publicity for the results of research, diligence, and rationalism: that is the true implication of Horgan's thesis. Potentially, the "end of science" is the final nail in the coffin of Western culture, leaving us stranded without hope of apprehending truth, exercising reason, or justifying standards of morality.

John Caiazza writes from Medford, Massachusetts.

Slouching Toward Empire

by Collie Owens

Old Hickory's War: Andrew Jackson and the Quest for Empire
by David S. Heidler and Jeanne T. Heidler
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania: Stackpole Books; 320 pp., $24.95

◆

The tragic fate of the Cherokee tribe is well documented. What is less widely known, and probably less researched, is the fairly rapid destruction of the Creeks—a nation whose territory included most of what is today Alabama and southern Georgia—and the role played by Andrew Jackson in their demise. In a style more readable than that of most historical works, *Old Hickory's War* tells a story of pride, intrigue, greed, and violence that attended the Creek War of 1813-14 and its aftermath, including Jackson's invasion of Florida in 1818.

After the Louisiana Purchase and the War of 1812, American settlers headed into the old Southwest Territory frontier, where they often came into conflict with Indians. Following Jackson's victory over the Creeks at Horseshoe Bend in March 1814, Old Hickory gained the cession of Creek land—22 million acres of potential prime farmland—with the Treaty of Fort Jackson.

The Creek Indian agent, Benjamin Hawkins, played a key role in the treaty-making, which he thought would be an aid to his program of acculturation of the Creeks to white civilization. He genuinely desired to help the Indians he cared for, but the result proved a disaster for the friendly Allied Creeks, while the hostile Red Stick Creeks, most of whom had fled to Seminole territory, went unscathed. As it is generally conceded that Jackson hated all Indians, there is no surprise in his unconcern for the injury done to the Allied Creeks. The driving force behind the treaty was the insatiable American desire for land; what befell the Indians was irrelevant.

Jackson was pleased with the Creek Cession (he immediately appropriated some of the best land for himself) but his imperial eye was on an even more valuable prize: Spanish Florida. Spain's power in Florida had been on the wane for decades, and with revolutions in South America occupying the mother country's attention, military resources were in short supply in both East and West Florida. Furthermore, runaway black slaves, British adventurers, pirates, and Indians (mainly Red Stick Creeks and Seminoles) hostile toward Americans found an ideal refuge in Florida. This situation gave Jackson the excuse he needed to invade Florida on his own initiative, without official approval from Washington.

The tale of intrigue involving the invasion is complex, too serpentine to cover in a short review: the principals include the pusillanimous administration of President James Monroe, who balked at making important decisions; an overly principled Secretary of War, John C. Calhoun; Henry Clay, who denounced Jackson on the floor of the House; and the iron-willed Jackson himself. Jackson's contempt for civilian control of the military is a key aspect of this story, and so is the diplomatic pressure that Secretary of State John Quincy Adams brought to bear on the Governor of Florida, Don Luis de Onis, after Jackson's technically illegal invasion of his territory. The political plots and counterplots are reminiscent of the workings of a modern-day college English department, while the intricacy of the machinations involved makes this history read at times like a mystery novel.

Old Hickory's War is meticulously researched and well documented; there are 51 pages of endnotes, a 14-page bibliography, and a detailed but flawed index (curiously, no entries exist for either Creeks or the Creek War). Two helpful maps are supplied, but they omit significant place names mentioned in the book (for example, some of the forts and an area called Prospect Bluff). These minor blemishes aside, *Old Hickory's War* is a fascinating work, helping to put in historical perspective the American empire of the 1990's.

Collie Owens teaches English at DeKalb College, where he is also poetry editor of the Chattahoochee Review.

Bring Me a Grape

by Frank Brownlow

Cyril Connolly: The Life and Times of England's Most Controversial Literary Critic
by Clive Fisher
New York: St. Martin's Press; 466 pp., $27.95

◆

What a peculiar, in some respects downright weird little world this fascinating biography introduces us to. Imagine a very clever, very plain, very spoiled little boy, born at the turn of the century into the intensely competitive upper-middle or lower-aristocratic class in Britain. Conventional success at sports, diplomacy, the professions, or business being ruled out by physiology and temperament, he makes it his business from his first days at school to entertain his fellows and masters by superior knowingness. Following this policy, he gains a place at Eton as a King's Scholar. Then, against all prediction, by an unflagging campaign of ingratiation and bedroom politics, he achieves Etonian apotheosis by election to "Pop," an exclusive society in an exclusive school, peopled by the athletic, the aristocratic, and the beautiful.

From Eton, trailing clouds of glory, he goes to Balliol to read history, again with a distinguished scholarship. Oxford, though, disappoints him. History is hard work, and dons are less impressionable than schoolmasters and schoolboys. So he leaves with a third-class degree, and sets about turning charm and cleverness into a literary career that will supply his needs: money, sex, good food, comfort-

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able surroundings, and the friendship of the rich and powerful—many of whom he's already met at school, that being one of the emoluments of an upper-class private education.

So far this could be the life story of any aesthete-as-hero in a 20's novel, but the story Clive Fisher tells is more peculiar, more surprising than that. Cyril Connolly had a capacity for imposing himself not often found either in fiction or real life. For instance: once he discovered the pleasures of hetero- as opposed to homosex, a long succession of wealthy and/or pretty young women, undeterred by his froglike appearance and sponging habits, warmed his bed and attended to his domestic life. He even married three of them (though not the one who changed her name by deed-poll in anticipation of ever-postponed marriage). Appetite, though, always ruled, and not always discriminatingly; one of the more jaw-dropping sentences of the book announces how, at a dinner party later in his life, another guest recognized him as a fellow prowler among London's homosexual haunts.

His ability to extract large sums of money from publishers and friends was even more remarkable than his sexual history. When he died leaving an overdraft of £27,000 (over $500,000 in postinflation values), his friends immediately launched a fund to pay it off and take care of his widow. How did Connolly manage this sort of thing? His biographer puts it down to an ability to charm; but the charm cloaked an outlandish degree of selfishness, maintained without diminution to the end. At 23 he not only made his 17-year-old girlfriend pay for his dinner; he ordered the most expensive dishes. When he was on his deathbed, and the Duke of Devonshire, through an intermediary, sent him a present of Muscat grapes from the ducal hothouses, the dying man's response was, "I wish Andrew would bring the grapes himself."

Was he then, as the American publisher of this biography announces on the title page, "England's most controversial literary critic?" He was certainly among the most admired literary columnists of his day—but he seems always to have positioned himself well to the rear of controversy. Although he underwent a predictable but superficial leftist makeover in the 30's, he was really always a post-90's aesthete in the fashionable, upper-crust style portrayed (and criticized) by Evelyn Waugh in *Brideshead Revisited*. In that lifelong role he was undoubtedly a successful *consumer* of art, a sort of literary Martha Stewart, who lived by publicizing his enthusiasms. As aesthetic pundit, he kept his important friends reassured and instructed, and as reviewer and editor he sold the pleasures of vicarious superiority to thousands of middle-class readers of the Sunday papers.

In his day his prose was much praised. He was a clever parodist, though to my ear his own writing always verges on *pastiche*, as in his self-consciously "artistic" book, *The Unquiet Grave* (1944). Sheer self-absorption, in fact, seems to have disqualified him as a creative writer; in the end his only subject was himself, and he was never able to tell the truth about it. His best time came during the war, when anxiety (well-founded) that his chosen way of life might disappear led him to start a periodical, *Horizon*, intended to preserve it.

Such an essentially comic character inevitably cast amusing shadows on the fiction of his time. There is a touch of Connolly, and of his employment as secretary-companion to the fussy American expatriate, Pearsall Smith, in the character of Anthony Powell's ambitious young poet, Mark Members. Evelyn Waugh, who nicknamed Connolly "Boots," and peppered his books with jokes at his expense, drew on him for the character of Everard Spruce in *Unconditional Surrender*. But then characters like Connolly are recurrent in the history of literature. Dickens portrayed the type once and for all in Harold Skimpole of *Bleak House*. Sensitive, whimsical, and poetic, Skimpole is too finely tuned to cope with the details of practical reality. Although he insists that he is a child amidst the complexities of the world, he is ruthlessly devoted to his own comfort, and succeeds in persuading the world, in the person of the kindly Mr. Jarndyce, to maintain him in his chosen way of life. Dickens based the character, we are told, on the poet Leigh Hunt, but the type is a perennial, and Clive Fisher has written the biography of Skimpole's modern avatar. Evelyn Waugh may have liked Connolly, but he saw through him: "a drole old sponge at his best," he said, "worth six of Quennell."

This evocatively illustrated, notably well-written, and, in retrospect, hilarious biography is well worth reading. Not only does it open a window onto a character and a social world that will seem to many of its readers as fascinatingly remote as the Land of Cockaigne; it also shows, perhaps unintentionally, how an establishment based on privilege and competition really works. That is something always worth knowing.

Frank Brownlow teaches English at Mount Holyoke College. His most recent book is Robert Southwell.

LIBERAL ARTS

THE NEW BRITISH NAVY

Actual excerpts from the British Navy's "206's," officer fitness reports:

- When she opens her mouth, it seems that this is only to change whichever foot was previously in there.

- He has carried out each and every one of his duties to his entire satisfaction.

- He would be out of his depth in a car park puddle.

- Technically sound, but socially impossible.

- This young lady has delusions of adequacy.

(Continued on page 40)

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Letter From Inner Israel

by Jacob Neusner

Christmas, That Winter Festival

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When the Supreme Court declared Christmas a secular occasion, to be celebrated for its lowest-common-denominator cultural value in the public schools, I expected serious Christians to protest. Here a powerful public body officially secularized what for the history of Christianity has represented a most sacred moment. But so deeply have the forces of secularization, organized and otherwise, penetrated the body politic that Christians held their peace. Christmas no longer marked the birth of Jesus Christ, but only a winter festival: Santa Claus without sanctity, snowflakes but no manger.

For a long time, these same forces of secularization have assaulted the organized Jewish community, insisting that the Jewish community stand apart from the religion, Judaism. In fact, Judaism itself was turned into a means for the survival of the Jewish people. It, meaning the religion, is considered a "good" thing because it keeps Jews together. A concrete case shows the parallel with what has happened to Christmas. When early in this century the secular Jewish philosopher Ahad HaAm said, "More than Israel [the holy people] has kept the Sabbath, the Sabbath has kept Israel," he downgraded the Sabbath from an end in itself to a means toward the end of preserving the Jewish people as a distinct group. So the subject of one of the Ten Commandments—keeping the Sabbath holy—became a tool toward another goal altogether, one that the Ten Commandments managed to miss: keeping the Jewish community going.

First the secularists came for Christmas, and now they are mounting an attack on the sacred character of the synagogue—different players, same tune. The secular world found itself unable to resist the powerful aspiration of Christians to celebrate Christmas in the public square, so it gave in, by subverting the success of Christmas to its own ends. Similarly with Judaism and the role of the synagogue. Long treated as the organized Jewish community's stepchild, often denied access to community funds on the principle of "the separation of organized Jewry from the synagogue," dismissed as divisive, denigrated for its principal work—Torah study and worship of God—as boring and irrelevant, the synagogue today finds itself at the center of attention. It works, as nothing else does, to keep Jews Jewish, so they say.

The only institution of Jewry that today more than holds its own, that can show a clear correlation between the activities it sustains and the nurture of loyalty to Jewry expressed in circumcision, the dietary laws, Torah-study, marriage under the canopy of Judaism, and family life of observance and study, is the synagogue (inclusive of the day school). In other words, the religion, Judaism, flourishes. At the local level, where people actually act out "being Jewish," when it comes actually to changing people and imparting loyalty to Jewry, only the synagogue makes an impact. Philanthropic federations, fundraising, and political action in support of the State of Israel, and secular organizations such as the American Jewish Congress and the American Jewish Committee, do not.

That is the judgment of Gary Tobin of Brandeis University, a sociologist for secular Jews. As he says in "An Assessment of Synagogue Inreach and Outreach," a Koret Synagogue Initiative Executive Summary based on a survey in the San Francisco Bay Area: "American Jewish identity has been undergoing a massive shift during the 1980's and 1990's. . . . The Jewish organizations that emphasize fundraising and institutional loyalties provide less satisfying answers to the question of Judaism's relevance to life in late twentieth century America. Many Jews have begun to look for direction by engaging more intensely with Judaism. At the same time, the trend toward religious involvement among American Jews is part of the larger religious resurgence in America."

What then is to be done? Dr. Tobin and his coworkers find impressive the power of the synagogue to change people: to sanctify. So they would like to make the synagogue a more effective instrument for saving Jewry at large. This they propose to do by *secularizing* the synagogue.

They recognize that "Most Jews are relatively apathetic toward Judaism. Most do not belong to a synagogue, the central institution sustaining religious worship. . . . Judaism, understood in terms of ritual and worship, plays a minor role in the lives of most American Jews." Here we have conflicting facts: one, in the crisis facing American Jewry today, synagogues succeed, for their members, in keeping Jews Jewish; two, synagogues do not succeed, for nonmembers, in making Jews Jewish.

So Tobin wants synagogues to reach out to marginal Jews. Who can differ? But what does he want the synagogue to do for them? As he oddly puts it, to "generate community." The synagogue's least effective role is religious, so he says. Synagogue members "appear to be less interested in religious practice than they are in enjoying a sense of community and seeing that their children are educated as Jews, and participants in one-time events are less satisfied with certain religious aspects of their relationship to the Jewish community. However, the data also indicate a desire for more intensive religious and spiritual experience and study."

But the people Tobin surveyed do not belong to synagogues because they do not believe in what synagogues believe and do. For instance, those surveyed do not care whether their sons are circumcised or whether their children marry Jews. For them, says Tobin, the synagogue must change, by "generating community." In Tobin's account, people want both less religion and more; less observance but more association. Out of this confusion comes Tobin's proposal: synagogues should appoint *program directors*. These program directors will organize all kinds of activities that fall outside the range of typical synagogue programs. The new programs will promote "Jewishness" for Jews who want togetherness but no Torah.

Why not let well enough alone and encourage synagogues to continue to do

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precisely what today succeeds so well, for those for whom it works? The sociologist's answer is, because the synagogue works for those for whom it works, we should make it work better by attracting those presently not engaged by the practice of Judaism. This we do by practicing less Judaism and more community—less religious celebration, prayer, and study, and more joshing and noshing.

So here we are back to Christmas again: a good thing, so let's remake it so everyone can enjoy it, let's make it an occasion for the utterly secular world. And that brings us to the question: Is the synagogue (or Christmas, or religiously based ethics, or any other absolute good of faith) a means or an end? Should we Jews recite prayers because we want to love and serve God, or because we want our children to see us praying so that they will produce Jewish grandchildren? Should we celebrate the rhythm of nature and the eternal paradigm of holy Israel's life through the shifting patterns of the synagogue's liturgical year because therein we meet God in nature and in sacred history, or should we practice "our people's customs and ceremonies" to please outsiders?

The Torah makes its judgment clear. For the Torah, meaning the religion, Judaism, a.k.a., what Tobin calls "community"—Jewish Peoplehood, in the secular parlance—defines no valid end in itself. For proof-texts for his proposition that Jewish Peoplehood is an end in itself, Tobin will search in vain in Scripture, the Talmuds, Midrash-compilations, philosophies, mystical writings, or indeed even in any of the authoritative statements of Judaism, down to and including the creeds adopted by Reform and Conservative Judaism in our own times. The life of holy Israel, God's first love (a theological category, not to be confused with the State of Israel, a political entity) is contingent and conditional. Our being is not a given but a gift, which is ours so long as we merit it. But then that is the conviction of the synagogue, in particular. That is why we are not going to surrender the synagogue to the forces of militant secularism the way Christians have given up Christmas.

Jacob Neusner is Distinguished Research Professor of Religious Studies at the University of South Florida and Professor of Religion at Bard College. His latest book is The Book of Jewish Wisdom *(Continuum).*

Letter From Cincinnati

by D.K. Brainard

The War on Marge Schott

◆

And . . . she's outta there. On June 12, Marge Schott, the embattled majority owner of the Cincinnati Reds, was given the heave-ho by baseball's powers-that-be, forced to relinquish day-to-day control of her ball club through the 1998 season. In an ongoing effort to polish Major League Baseball's tarnished veneer, the august guardians of our national pastime sent Marge Schott to the showers for the second time in four years.

The catalyst behind Schott's latest yanking was her comment in a May 5 ESPN interview that Hitler was "OK at the beginning, but then he went too far." But Schott, who seems incapable of keeping her feet out of her mouth, has been steadily working the corners of the politically correct strike zone since her 1993 suspension for a string of ethnically challenged public statements, including allegedly referring to two of her star players as "my million dollar niggers."

Taken separately, Schott's recent assertions that "only fruits wear earrings" and that "some of the biggest problems in this city come from women wanting to leave the home to work" are not that outrageous in the context of Cincinnati, Ohio—or most of Middle America, for that matter. But the obstreperous Reds owner went on a tear last spring, even by her own standards. Schott got the 1996 season off to a controversial start with her well-publicized unwillingness to call off the Reds opener after umpire John McSherry collapsed on the field and died of a heart attack. By mid-June the Reds had fallen ten games under .500 and Schott had gone on record slamming just about everyone from working women to Asian-American immigrants. If, as Schott believes, baseball's all-male owners' club is out to get her, she certainly did her best in 1996 to aid them in portraying her as the poison apple spoiling baseball's American pie.

Schott is notoriously unrepentant about her public displays of stupidity, but for a few weeks last summer it appeared Major League Baseball's latest corrective action would stick, unlike Mrs. Schott's 1993 suspension and forced "sensitivity training." Banned from talking to the press, Schott contented herself with passing out NO COMMENT cards at the All-Star game and even managed to meet baseball's August deadline to choose a suitable replacement as club CEO, reluctantly naming Reds controller John Allen to the job. (Allen had reportedly angered Schott during his 60-day interim stint as Reds chief by his efforts to bring fans back to Riverfront Stadium, including three-dollar ticket nights and "Diversity Day," in which the team made available 10,000 tickets to inner-city minorities at a dollar apiece.)

But Marge Schott has never been one to go quietly. In July, Schott was banned from her own ballpark for refusing to abide by a rather nebulous agreement with the National League under which she would take no part in club management. And by Labor Day weekend, Marge was behind in the count again, having broken her silence to talk to reporters about the new stadium Hamilton County taxpayers have agreed to build for her on the Ohio River. Like her ubiquitous canine namesakes, Schottzie (now-deceased) and Schottzie 02, it seems Marge has been allowed to piddle around the field of dreams for too long to learn to play dead.

At first glance, Marge Schott would seem an unlikely cultural barometer of 1990's America. But Schott's penchant for boneheaded social commentary is really only as interesting as the reaction it provokes. And the division between the moralizing of Major League Baseball and the news media on one hand, and the widespread popular sentiment that baseball should leave Schott alone, seems indicative of the widening rift in this country between the media "elite" and the American middle class.

Clearly Schott's public outbursts betray a stunning lack of media savvy on the part of a public figure. Baseball's argument that Schott is a recurring embarrassment to the game is a valid one. But does Marge Schott really constitute the menace to baseball—and the Great Society—that baseball commissioner Bud Selig and the media would have us believe? In fact, Schott's disjointed ramblings hardly seem to justify the swift and merciless judgments of the press, as exemplified by a *New York Times* piece in which reporter Claire Smith quotes Mrs.

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Jackie Robinson as saying that Schott is "one simple-minded woman standing up to a mike and saying it's all right to hate Jews," which Ms. Smith let stand without correction.

In Cincinnati, which has long tolerated Mrs. Schott's eccentricities, the argument of Marge's detractors has been decidedly more aesthetic than moral. Those who want her out see her as an embarrassment to Cincinnati whose lack of grace has earned her the opprobrium she deserves. But many here maintain that—right or wrong—Marge Schott has a right to speak her mind. In fact, local sports radio host Andy Furman says that callers after Schott's banishment were "65 percent pro-Marge, maybe 70 percent." Why do so many support Schott? Furman thinks it boils down to the simple fact that the average sports fan sees Schott as the "little guy" being persecuted by the Establishment. "Maybe [Schott's supporters] stick with her because—and that's scary—maybe they agree with her," says Furman. But the larger sentiment Furman sees is one of kinship. Whatever Schott's views, the average fan supports her because "she's from Cincinnati."

In many ways the irony of Marge Schott is the irony of Cincinnati, a city which—like Marge—prides itself on its German heritage and its ability to make and hold onto money, but whose provincial conservatism has more than once earned it the censure of some of the more progressive elements afoot in the land. Winston Churchill called it America's most beautiful inland city, and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem "Catawba Wine" immortalized it as the Queen City of the West. But Cincinnati is perhaps less known today for its scenery than for its efforts to maintain a social atmosphere that some would term reactionary. Two decades after Hamilton County Sheriff Simon Leis instigated the landmark obscenity trial against *Hustler* publisher Larry Flynt, the city's official intolerance of sexual deviance remains legendary. In 1990, Cincinnati earned the undying enmity of the gay and lesbian community and the arts establishment for its criminal prosecution of the Mapplethorpe exhibit, "the first instance in U.S. history of a public art museum prosecuted for the content of its exhibitions," according to the local underground rag *Everybody's News*. In 1993 voters enacted Issue 3, a statute barring the city from enforcing legislation which would give special protection to homosexuals, spurring gay rights activists to call for a national boycott of Cincinnati as a convention destination.

Schott is as legendary for her parsimony as for her arch-conservative social views; but by all accounts the Reds owner is often as impulsive with money as she is with words. Schott, who inherited an estimated $3 million in cash, real estate, and small companies when her husband died in 1968, now has an estimated net worth in excess of $50 million, according to the *Cincinnati Enquirer*. But Schott's repeated battles with Major League Baseball are hardly an anomaly; according to the *Enquirer*, General Motors has tried to take away her Cincinnati Chevrolet dealership three times since 1987, citing mismanagement and abnormally low profits.

Thanks in part to one of the National League's highest payrolls, the Reds annually finish at or near the top of the NL Central. But baseball observers agree that Schott's refusal to invest in the club's farm system has the Reds organization teetering on the brink of disaster. And her slash-and-burn reduction of front-office personnel to fewer than half the league average and maniacal frugality off the field (an apocryphal tale has it that Schott once distributed years-old Easter baskets to her staff in lieu of a Christmas bonus), *Sports Illustrated*'s Rick Reilly argues, has thrown her ball club deeply into the red and left it unable to market the team at a level where ticket sales can compensate for player salaries.

Yet underneath all the talk of Schott's refusal to retire player numbers or hang World Series banners lurks an animosity not wholly explainable by Schott's lack of reverence for decorum and baseball tradition. Marge Schott may indeed be a lonely old kook, but the media have made her out to be more than that, portraying her as an agent—if unwitting—of evil. Which causes the casual observer to wonder: Where are all the defenders of freedom of expression when baseball's (late-night) material girl goes on a tear? Schott is certainly capable—guilty of the type of meanness one might expect from a vodka-drinking, chain-smoking car salesman. She is also guilty of refusing to recognize that in times like these charity, not to mention prudence, requires that one refrain from the exercise of one's right to free speech when so many are waiting to take offense.

But where are all the pundits who have repeatedly let the likes of "Minister" Farrakhan and Jesse Jackson off the hook? Marge Schott is railroaded for suggesting that Hitler did some good for Germany in the beginning. While the press expressed suitable outrage at Farrakhan henchman Khalid Muhammed's justification of the holocaust and his call for the murder of whites in South Africa—remarks which Farrakhan refused to repudiate—Farrakhan was not subject to calls for a boycott; rather he was gently encouraged to move back toward the mainstream and subsequently vindicated as the architect of the Million Man March.

And what of the legion of "gangsta" rappers who traffic in a hate so precise it illustrates just how cartoonish and ill-considered Schott's remarks really are? Looking back at the controversies surrounding "artists" like Ice-T and Sister Souljah, one is struck by the media's

LIBERAL ARTS

TRIAL BY TEMPTATION

The London *Weekly Telegraph* reported in September that convicted child molesters at a mental institution in Durham are being taken to theme parks frequented by tourists in order to assess their ability to restrain themselves in the presence of children. Escorted by nurses, the child molesters watch children play in what is known as a "trial by temptation." The program has provoked complaints from operators of theme parks who did not know that molesters were being brought to their establishments, but Paul Kilburn, the nursing and quality director at the asylum, says that "It's seeing whether the patients have the maturity to cope with the temptation and I feel we are acting in a perfectly proper manner."

Around the same time, Trever Holland, a 52-year-old convicted pedophile with a long history of violence, escaped from custody during a trip to a zoo frequented by children in Sussex. Holland's supervisors at the Horizon NHS Trust, a mental hospital in Hertfordshire, had allowed him to take trips to the zoo because "they considered it was good therapy as he was fond of animals."

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ability to report faithfully the reactions of the offended (Bill Clinton and the Fraternal Order of Police, in a strange pairing) while sanctimoniously refusing to call into question the "artistic" right to self-expression. Poor Marge, fated to baseball and Chevrolet sales rather than vinyl or the cloth.

Schott has undoubtedly benefited in all of this by her partial claim, as a woman, to victim status. Dodgers executive Al Campanis said in 1987 that blacks were less buoyant than whites; within minutes Campanis was packing up his office and Major League Baseball had discovered a latent sensitivity toward the paucity of minorities in the front office. Marge may be down, but it is still too early to count her out.

Baseball's moralizing stance on Marge is all the more hard to swallow for the sheer hypocrisy involved. As *USA Today*'s Tom Weir has pointed out, Major League Baseball's chutzpah in casting stones at Marge Schott could only be believed of an organization like Major League Baseball. It must be only very recently that ethnocentrism has replaced avarice as one of the deadly sins. Marge Schott tosses out some racially insensitive one-liners; baseball owners sacrifice the World Series and half a season on the altar of their greed. Schott is an embarrassment to the game? Marge keeps an SS armband in a drawer; Ted Turner, owner of World Series champions the Atlanta Braves, keeps Hanoi Jane Fonda in his bed.

In short, baseball's argument that Schott is single-handedly decimating the game's fan base is cynicism of Ruthian proportions. If fans will tolerate the cancellation of a season, they will tolerate Marge Schott. In fact, attendance at Reds games had steadily increased from 14,000-plus fans in 1983, the year before Schott took over as general partner, to more than 30,000 fans a game until the strike in 1994. While attendance in 1996 hovered around 22,000, it seems likely that baseball's insensitivity to its fans has had much more to do with driving down attendance than any of Marge Schott's infelicities.

Why then Major League Baseball's frantic scramble to push Marge Schott to the sidelines? The truth is, baseball at the level of the luxury box is far too white for the postmodern era, and it knows it. The banishing of Marge Schott is nothing more than a wishful attempt to exorcise the ghosts which continue to haunt the game a half-century after Jackie Robinson. In the sense that she is the willing personification of knee-jerk bigotry, Marge Schott is the perfect totem for baseball's white guilt. Banishing her from the tribe will not change a thing, but it sure will make some people feel better.

Marge Schott is guilty of letting slip in public what so many whites continue to say in private, what the members of any racial group with its ethnic identity still intact will continue to whisper when they think no one is listening, a muffled "we're better than they are." As a private club which has shown it can occasionally police itself, baseball still enjoys its constitutional right to free association. But the recent Red-baiting by the white male clique which runs the game and its chorus in the media smacks of McCarthyism in the most derogatory sense of the term.

D.K. Brainard is a freelance writer in Cincinnati.

Letter From Virginia

by Marshall Fishwick

The Stone Wall Has Crumbled

◆

Last June, the tradition of 157 years at single-sex Virginia Military Institute was changed by the vote of seven Justices in Washington. The statue of Stonewall Jackson still guarded the parade grounds, but the general who stood like a stone wall at Manassas could not prevail against those seven Justices. His slogan is still emblazoned over the approach to the main entrance of the Institute: "You May Be Whatever You Resolve To Be." But no resolve could preserve the all-male institution which VMI had been when Jackson taught there and when George C. Marshall studied there. Millions of alumni dollars only delayed the inevitable. An era was ending.

That ending could have been, and was, widely predicted. It was both constitutionally and politically correct. We are all children of our culture, and gender equality is now assumed and enforced. Writing the majority opinion, Justice Ruth Ginsburg declared that "Women seeking and fit for a VMI-quality education cannot be offered anything else." The women will come to VMI in the fall of 1997.

Though agreement for the decision was widespread—ranging from the White House to the Court House, and praised by scholars like Abigail Adams who was certain that VMI "will benefit from learning how to mentor and be mentored by women"—questions remain. How will what we do now affect what happens later? George Will was one of the few cautionary voices. "The Supreme Court gave women the right to enroll in an educational institution which, the moment they enter it, will essentially cease to exist." This is the irony: in order to protect diversity, the Court is destroying it.

Journalists are mainly concerned with *now*. They give us news of the moment for the moment—then move to the next fast-breaking story. Not so historians, who must factor in the "then," and try to understand worlds quite different from ours. They try to see patterns, not mere stories. What is the *pattern* that some think was destroyed in June 1996, at VMI?

I have a bit of firsthand knowledge, having lived on the Washington and Lee campus adjoining VMI, and seen the Corps in action. There was a proud precision in their drills, and a ring to their commemoration of New Market Day. When the names of the fallen cadets were read out, a living cadet would step forward to say: "Died on the field of honor." And when the cadets passed Lee Chapel, they stopped talking and saluted smartly, in honor of Robert E. Lee. The French phrase for this, which many would think silly now, was *esprit de corps*.

That *esprit* might be embedded and embodied in the bronze Stonewall Jackson. Once he stood there in the flesh. He was unusually forward-looking and devout for his day. He was one of the first Sunday school teachers to admit what were then called Negroes, and later on he sent money to a Negro Sunday school. He was a twice-a-Sunday churchgoer, who carried his Bible into battle and prayed before attacks. What made Mighty Stonewall one of the most admired generals in history? Why did he stand firm when many turned and ran? Why is his statue on the parade grounds? Why did the men who followed him all

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but worship him?

His core values were discipline, duty, sacrifice, and honor—four words that are seldom heard today. If the draft is unpopular, burn your draft card. Look out for Number One in what Tom Wolfe calls the "Me Too generation." This is the Age of Entitlement. If you don't get your share, sue. With only five percent of the world's population, the United States has 70 percent of the lawyers. Suing is easy and the courts are sympathetic. Make it big and quick.

Stonewall Jackson followed a different path. His battle uniform was a dingy yellow, and you would not have noticed him riding along on Old Sorrel. He might be anywhere when the fighting came—between the guns, up front with the snipers, sucking on a lemon. Soldiers like Stonewall seem superfluous until a crisis arises. Then we are glad to have a Washington, Andrew Jackson, Lee, MacArthur, Patton, or Eisenhower.

In Virginia we still remember Jackson's soldiering. In 32 days, with fewer than 15,000 men, he marched 400 miles, fought five major battles, routed two armies completely, defeated a third—all this with the loss of 1,000 men killed, wounded, or missing. Who really understands how 19th-century Southerners felt about valor and freedom and honor, or why they held out for four bloody years? Or why the Virginia Military Institute cadets, ranging in age from 14 to 18, marched from their barracks through seas of mud while the Confederate band played "Rockabye Baby"? And why these young cadets kept going into the mouths of Yankee cannon at New Market. Why? "The Spirit of VMI."

The spirit emerges in anecdotes. Once, when Jackson was on the VMI faculty, the superintendent ordered him to sit and wait in the outer office. The superintendent became engrossed in another matter and left by the rear door. The next morning he found Jackson sitting in the outer office. He had received no order to change position.

But we change positions quickly these days, and our black-robed Justices in Washington can change over a century of tradition in a single day. History will judge in ways we cannot. What then are we to say? I defer to the poet Stephen Vincent Benét:

> If you must have a word to say,
> Say neither in their way,
> "It is a deadly magic and
> accursed,"
> Nor "It is blest," but only, "It is
> here."

Marshall Fishwick is a professor of English at Virginia Polytechnic in Blacksburg, Virginia.

THE REGNERY LECTURES

The Rockford Institute is pleased to announce a new addition to its Regnery Lectures audiotape series: the addresses delivered at The Rockford Institute's Twentieth Anniversary Dinner by Chilton Williamson, Jr., on **"It Takes an Institute"** and by Harold O.J. Brown on **"Western Civilization Between Chaos and Transformation."** The two-tape package also includes **"Reflections at Twenty Years"** by Institute President Allan Carlson, introductory remarks by *Chronicles* editor Thomas Fleming, and a lively question-and-answer session. Named in honor of Rockford Institute board member and longtime supporter Henry Regnery, this series captures for posterity the voices and words of important cultural and political figures.

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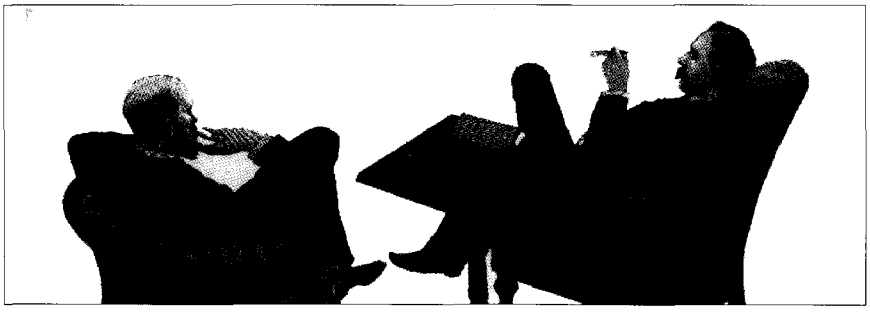

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POLITICS

Judicial Taxation Without Representation

by Congressman Don Manzullo

There is an unattributed quotation that says, "The average taxpayer is the first of America's natural resources to be exhausted." The American people have turned away from a big, activist federal government because they feel they have been forgotten; in fact, taxpayer resources have long been exhausted.

Today, average Americans, forgotten by the bloated bureaucratic culture of Washington, get up in the morning, get their kids ready for school, pack their lunches, go off to work, come home, fix dinner, make sure their kids do their homework, do some housework, and go to bed only to start the routine all over again the next morning. In the process, average Americans are working harder today than ever before, but taking home less and less money. Why? Because they are paying more in taxes today than ever before. In 1950, the average American paid one dollar out of every 50 dollars earned in federal taxes. Today, the average American pays one dollar out of every four.

In two-income families, the second wage earner is working just to pay state, local, and federal taxes—a nearly 40 percent tax burden on total family income. There is a chapter that normally appears in the federal budget called "Generational Forecasts," which states that if we don't change the way government on all levels spends our money, by the time children born after the year 1992 enter the workforce, they will be paying a combined state, local, and federal tax rate between 80 and 90 percent! Think of it. Our children, the future average American workers, will be going through the same daily routine as we are today, but only being able to keep 10 to 20 percent of what they earn to pay for housing, transportation, food, and clothing. This is hardly the legacy that we want to leave our children. The scary thing is, we are already halfway there.

The American worker, the American family, and America's children need not only tax *relief* but tax *reform*. What needs immediate attention is judicial taxation. Case after case has been documented in which unelected, activist federal judges have directly or indirectly caused state or local taxes to be increased as part of a remedy. These cases range from public works cases to school segregation cases.

I cite, for example, the current dilemma facing the people of the Rockford, Illinois, Public School District 205. In an effort to save protracted legal fees, the Rockford School District plead guilty to a racial discrimination lawsuit. The evidence was overwhelming, and Federal Judge Stanley Roszkowski (Magistrate Michael Mahoney now presiding) would have found them guilty anyway. This left the school district looking the people of Rockford square in the eye, saying: "We have perpetrated an injustice, we must now right that wrong."

Little did anyone know what fate awaited the families, children, and taxpayers, all wanting to provide an equal, quality education to all of their children. School District 205 in Rockford, Illinois, encompasses several surrounding communities. This is a metropolitan area of 250,000 people. Instead of finding a community-based solution that we can all get behind, an activist judge has taken it upon himself to play school board, superintendent, principal, and teacher. And, of course, he tells the families which non-neighborhood school their children will attend. The price tag has already reached $80 million with another $25 million already committed to be spent. On November 12, 1996, the federal judge ordered yet another $50 million tax increase. The people of the Rockford school district cannot continue to take on this huge cost, and at the same time pay other state and federal taxes. This is clearly taxation without representation, and is serving to divide our community further.

As a result of these forced tax increases, families are moving out of Rockford, senior citizens either are or are on the verge of losing their homes—homes that they have paid for—because they can't afford these tax increases. Further, these tax increases are dividing the community, not bringing it together; in fact, there are many members of Rockford's black community who fear that these judicial tax increases are hurting and straining race relations in our city. The worst result of this tax-and-spend judicial activism is that the children are not getting the education they need.

To remedy this situation, I introduced legislation during the 104th Congress that I believe is long overdue. The Judicial Mandate and Remedy Clarification Act of 1996 seeks to limit the authority of federal courts to fashion remedies that require state and local jurisdictions to assess, levy, or collect taxes in any way, shape, or form. The legislation has nothing to do with race, how much money people make, or where they live. It has everything to do with keeping unelected activist federal judges from destroying our communities. Keep in mind that judicial taxation is not limited to school districts. Federal judges have ordered tax increases to build public housing and to expand jails. Any state or local government is subject to such rulings from the federal courts. My legislation is about taxpayers paying for federal court remedies involving the raising of taxes without the permission of the taxpayers. A court-ordered remedy should be tempered by the community's ability to pay for it, without raising taxes.

The legislation which I authored in the House, H.R. 3100, the counterpart to S. 1817—introduced by Chairman Grassley and Chairman Hatch—does not *ban* judicial taxation. I understand the position of those who loathe judicial taxation and want it outlawed outright. But my research has led me to believe that an outright ban on judicial taxation would not work. Let me explain why.

Municipalities and states enter into legal contracts and bond issues. Businesses, and individuals who enter into such contracts or purchase municipal bonds,

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would have no guarantees that these obligations would be met if a judge were unable to enforce these obligations. Thus, courts have been constitutionally allowed by the Supreme Court to enter "structural injunctions," i.e., an order structuring how repayment of the obligations is to be made. This type of judicial order would almost certainly be precluded under an outright ban, and thus an outright ban simply would not be in our best interest.

My legislation takes an alternative approach, requiring that six criteria be met before a federal judge can issue an order, or agree to a settlement, that would have the effect of raising taxes. The six criteria the court would be required to prove under my legislation are: one, that there are not other means available to remedy the deprivation in question; two, such a tax would not contribute to or exacerbate the deprivation intended to be remedied; three, the proposed tax will not result in a loss of revenue for the affected political subdivision; four, the proposed tax will not result in a loss or depreciation of property values; five, the tax will not undermine the taxing authority set up by the political subdivision; and, six, the plans submitted by the political subdivision will not effectively redress the deprivations at issue. An additional point is that because local taxes are "extended" or reworked each year, a judge will have to make these findings annually.

Ultimately, if the school board, municipality, or state government feels that taxes have to be raised to address problems, then it should go to the people and ask for an increase. Otherwise, a political subdivision should work within its means. There is no such thing as a "school district tax dollar," just as there is no such thing as a "federal tax dollar." The money belongs to the people. Judicial taxation is a back door method to take people's hard-earned money without representation. However, since judicial taxation cannot be banned outright, our approach sets up the very strict criteria necessary to restrict it.

The people of Rockford and other communities across our country continue to be placed in situations where the federal courts adopt remedies which communities are forced to pay for with a blank check. Every family and governmental body has to live within its own budgetary restraints, and the federal courts must be held to these same standards. The Constitution is the document that grants the authority to Congress, the Executive Branch, and the Judiciary. Nowhere within that document does it say that anyone at the federal level of government outside Congress can institute a tax increase—period. That's what it says, and that's what it should mean.

We are currently debating reforms to our federal tax code. We are studying the impact of federal tax policy on personal savings and spending, the impact on state and local governments, as well as the overall effect on the economy. Curbing the now unbridled power of activist, federal judges to raise state and local taxes is a necessary part of this tax reform initiative. But, equally important, it will return to the people the sovereign power to solve their community problems. The power of the people is, after all, one of the self-evident principles on which this nation was built.

Don Manzullo is the U.S. Congressman representing the 16th District of Illinois.

Paying the Dane-Geld at Texaco

by Mark Racho

In 1994, two employees filed a lawsuit against the oil company Texaco, claiming that they had been denied promotion because of their race. Such suits are common now, and this one garnered little media attention until, in late 1996, the *New York Times* broke the news of the Texaco tapes. Richard Lundwall, a Texaco manager, had recorded his conversations with officials in the finance department at Texaco. He made the tape public shortly after he "retired early" from Texaco. Somewhere, among the hiss and crackle and the wow and flutter of the tiny Dictaphone cassette could be heard the unspeakable, unprintable Word.

Commotion from the press. Texaco might as well have drowned the entire Eastern Seaboard in crude oil, considering the journalistic outrage that greeted Lundwall's tape. Jesse Jackson and other minority leaders described the tape as another Rodney King video—which perhaps it was, in the sense that a politically incorrect office conversation between several white men is now considered as injurious as a beating.

Lawyers for the two plaintiffs claimed that the tape also contained discussions about the possibility of purging files relevant to the racial discrimination lawsuit. This is a very serious crime, as we know from the media's indifference to the actual shredding of subpoenaed documents at the White House. Maybe the crime was in the conversation—without the attractive garnish of "racial epitaphs" (as the friendly p.r. man at Texaco described them), the media would have found the story a good deal less appetizing.

To deal with the important matter of the "racial epitaphs," Texaco hired a lawyer, who would examine minutely the depravities recorded on the Dictaphone. The lawyer engaged the services of an investigative firm, Decision Strategies International, Inc., the investigative firm retained Mr. Paul Ginsburg, President of Professional Audio Laboratories, Inc., and Mr. Ginsburg, in the presence of the FBI, enhanced the tape digitally ("using state of the art techniques") and discovered that the epithet "f--king niggers" was, in fact, the phrase "poor St. Nicholas."

However, the media, once aroused, are not to be thwarted, and the lawyers, along with their parasites, must be fed. They would feast on jelly beans. On the tape, one of the Texaco executives is heard saying, "You can't have we and them. You can't have black jelly beans and other jelly beans."

According to the lawyer representing Robert Ulrich, the Texaco executive who had actually spoken the jelly bean slur, his client's taped comments had been prompted by the appearance, at Texaco, of a traveling "diversity training" salesman, Doctor R. Roosevelt Thomas, Jr., founder and former president of the "American Institute for Managing Diversity." The doctor was peddling jelly bean analogies, analogies that had been found most efficacious in healing racial sores and sensitive tissues. He accompanied himself with illustrative slides, showing jelly beans reposing in glass jars. As Mr. Ulrich put it, "I've heard that diversity thing, we don't have black jelly beans or green." Exactly. At Texaco there would be simply "beans," so well integrated that sticky fingers could not pry them apart. The chairman of Texa-

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co, Mr. Peter Bijur, had heard that diversity thing too: "I believe we can take Texaco into the 21st century as a model of diversity," he exhorted.

However, Texaco's lawyer had yet more allegations to examine, namely the National Anthem horror and the Kwanzaa/Hanukkah atrocity. Understanding the importance of wasting its workers' time on activities that have nothing to do with business, Texaco, like most large corporations, encourages attendance at recently invented political celebrations such as Black History Month. Mr. Lundwall, on his own tape, can be heard saying that he walked out of one of these jamborees, because black employees had done an "African" version of the National Anthem and "sat, during ours, quote . . . 'ours,' as though they're not included . . . we have two friggin' national anthems." Mr. Ulrich agrees: "I'm not going to the end [of the next diversity seminar] this year. I refuse to go."

Obviously Dr. Thomas and his jelly beans had done their work only too well. As the tape demonstrates, the Texaco executives were decrying the separatist philosophy of an "African" National Anthem, in favor of the integration advocated by their diversity training mentor. This same opposition to separatism must surely explain Mr. Ulrich's problems with Hanukkah and Kwanzaa: "I'm still struggling with Hanukkah and now we have Kwanzaa, I mean I lost Christmas, poor St. Nicholas, they sh-t all over his beard." According to a fretful editorial in the *Nation*, Ulrich meant that blacks and Jews who wanted "recognition for Hanukkah and Kwanzaa had sh-t all over Santa Claus's 'white' beard." I suspect that the word which offended the editorialist was the one she herself had added: "white."

Texaco's chairman, meanwhile, had been busy undoing all the fine work of the lawyers Texaco had hired. "The statements on the tapes arouse a deep sense of shock and anger among all the members of the Texaco family and decent people everywhere," he sighed, in an unctuous sermon to the press—contradicting his lawyer's finding that the statements were not derogatory. The cant about the "Texaco family" was engagingly insincere, considering corporate "downsizing," boardroom backstabbing, and bribery—whoops, campaign contributions.

Like any good family man, Mr. Bijur decided to be lenient with the four recreant members of his "family." Messrs. Ulrich and Lundwall, having taken early retirement, were to have their retirement benefits cut, and the two members still working, Messrs. Keough and Meade, were suspended. Mr. Bijur brought in a special inquisitor—Judge A. Leon Higgenbotham (the impeccably black author of *In the Matter of Colour*)—to sniff out insensitivity.

This was only the beginning. Mr. Bijur (perhaps taking his cue from another "father of his people," Chairman Mao) decided that senior Texaco executives must roam the country, searching, not for oil, but for Texaco workers to apologize to. A confidential "Ethics Hotline" would be extended throughout the Texaco world to encourage the anonymous reporting of any behavior, "*any* behavior" that "violates our core values." According to the p.r. spokesgirl I spoke to, the punishment of Ulrich and Lundwall was for *not reporting* each other's racial misconduct. Somehow, even though it turned out not to be racial misconduct, the *possibility* of its being "racial" was enough. One is reminded of Victor Serge's description of the Soviet factory worker sent to the gulag for not informing the authorities about "counterrevolutionary espionage" (the worker had overheard someone complaining about the low quality of raw materials the factory had received).

None of Mr. Bijur's actions, not even his own grovelings on *Nightline*, would be enough for our rulers, i.e., the media. The lies about black church burnings had fizzled out, but here was another chance to display piety and foment racial division. Two black employees became "1,400 black employees at Texaco," according to the major news networks, even though only *four* other black employees had joined the suit, and it had not yet been certified as a class action. The words "f--king niggers," even though they had not been said, were repeated continually on news shows in the hope that something would explode, somewhere. After "f--king niggers" turned out to be "St. Nicholas," the networks went after "jelly beans." When "jelly beans" was explained by Dr. Thomas's diversity training symposium, the old standby of "not enough African Americans in management positions" made its appearance, and so did Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton. The media had done their work. The professional black persons had arrived.

There began a strange ritual dance between the corporation and the indignant "leaders of the African American community." Jesse Jackson, who once referred to New York City as "Hymietown," was shocked at the idea of Mr. Ulrich "struggling with Hanukkah." Al Sharpton, for whom conservative blacks are "Oreo cookies," was appalled by the jelly beans. Hazel Dukes, who during the Dinkins administration managed the amazing feat of running Off Track Betting in New York at a loss, was outraged by the business practices at Texaco.

The up-to-date response to the accusation of "racism" is to welcome the extortion that follows in its train. Mr. Bijur was effusive in his gratitude: "These discussions have been a significant help to Texaco, and I'm gratified that these leaders have been able to make time to join with us." Translation: "Why can't they blackmail someone else? I hope we can pay the bastards off." But the "leaders" always want more than money—they want thanks, praise, and mind control. Facts count for nothing. According to Texaco, the company fired or retired 28.7 percent of its workforce between 1991 and 1996. So-called "minorities," however, *increased* in representation in all employee categories, from ordinary workers to executives. Nonetheless, Mr. Bijur has promised "to expand our diversity learning experience to include all employees." How many more middle management salaries of 50-year-old white men would be sacrificed to pay for this "learning experience"? How many diversity consultants would Mr. Bijur have to hire?

Quite a few, one must imagine. The suit was settled within three days, and the plaintiffs snagged a cool $115 million (which the media turned into $176 million), as well as an 11 percent pay increase for all black employees, effective January 1, 1997.

Kweisi Mfume of the NAACP accepted the settlement with good grace, giving Texaco 30 days to invent some management positions that could be filled by minorities. Mfume was thereupon dubbed an "Uncle Tom Nigger" by several black talk radio hosts: "Don't give them 30 days, don't give 'em any days! Let 'em do it now! Let's start sellin' that Texaco stock now!" Jesse Jackson vowed to continue the boycott, even though Texaco had said it would create an Equality and Tolerance Task Force, to "implement diversity and sensitivity."

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Chairman Bijur announced that he would "ensure discrimination is wiped out." (Why do so many of Bijur's *obiter dicta* sound like Hitler's *Tischgesprache*? Must everything involve "wiping out" and "eradication"?)

Paying the marauding Dane his Danegeld has become an established part of American life. It is a pleasant fantasy to imagine a public figure calling the racial, gender, or sexuality bluff, and telling protesters and community "leaders" to go to the devil. But so far no one has girt up the courage to offer spears for tribute when the Danes come a-raiding. I wonder if anyone will.

POSTSCRIPT: After telephoning a number of Texaco gas stations, some in largely black areas such as Newark, New Jersey, I found that business was largely unaffected by the call for a boycott. It is especially pleasing to note that, according to some (white) station owners, black customers had been buying extra gas in support of their neighborhood Texaco franchise.

Mark Racho is a freelance writer in New York.

COMMUNITY

The Trojan Chicken

by John Vinson

Albany, Kentucky, has a stay of execution for at least a little longer. But more than a few townspeople are preparing to mourn her passing—and leave before the funeral.

Albany is a town of 2,000 in the rolling limestone hills of southern Kentucky, just north of the Tennessee line. Founded in the early 1820's, it is an all-American, old-stock community. Like many such communities in the South and the Heartland, its agriculture-based economy is not providing the jobs necessary to keep young people at home. So, like so many of these other communities, Albany has advertised for industry to come to town. To make the offer attractive, it held out the usual tax incentives. One in particular was an "Empowerment Zone," a federal program pushed by the Clinton administration to promote rural development.

Seeing a good deal, the Cagle's poultry processing company made a bid to build a plant, but the deal offered Albany more than it ever bargained for. In the words of Don Corleone, it was an offer Albany couldn't refuse. The town's political establishment wanted it, and that was that—despite the sentiments of many average citizens.

The deal proposed to bring 1,600 jobs to town. The trouble is that the local unemployment rate is only 350 or so. Where would the rest of the workers come from? Given the recent history of Cagle's and other poultry processors, the answer most likely is importing Third World immigrants—many reputed to be illegal aliens.

One local resident, who asked to remain unidentified, commented that such an influx would ruin Albany. "What is at stake here," he maintained, "is the quality of life in our town. If that plant comes here, it's gone forever." He asked to remain anonymous because he and others who have protested have received death threats and had their property destroyed. "I was born here and grew up here. My family has been here since the 1840's, but probably I'll choose to leave. A rural ghetto is all that's going to be left." In a lighter vein he added, "This whole thing reminds me of the story of the Trojan Horse. Here you have the Trojan Chicken. You accept it as a gift, and the next thing you know, you're taken over."

Ned Smith, a local farmer, does not mind making his case in public against the plant. He heads an opposition group called Friends of Lake Cumberland and Dale Hollow. "The plant promoters," said Smith, "have tried to give the idea that we're against jobs. That's not true. We need jobs, but chickens aren't the answer." He describes work in the plants as low-paying and dangerous. "After a while," he observed, "even the foreigners quit, and the company has to keep importing more. This doesn't offer anything to local people."

With the immigrants come more taxes to provide them services, such as bilingual education for their children. Smith knows because he visited a community in Georgia which has a Cagle's plant. "We just don't have the money or the infrastructure to support something like this." More crime, he learned, will be a problem, too.

Another great concern to Smith and the other opponents is pollution from the plant. They maintain that its waste will contaminate the local water supply. Many environmentalists agree. Citing the threat to water quality, the Kentucky Sierra Club opposes the plant.

The danger of pollution now offers the only possibility that Cagle's will not come to Albany. The company still needs permits to clear all the environmental hurdles—thus the stay of execution. But Smith and the others are not optimistic because they lack the clout of Cagle's and Albany's powers-that-be.

"They're also determined because they see money to be made from the plant," explained the man who asked to remain anonymous. He described the Empowerment Zone as "corporate welfare." What eventually happens to Albany is of little concern to the chicken processor, he added. As for Albany's powers-that-be, "They can leave and probably will," if too many problems come to town.

In a significant number of Heartland and Southern towns, the future Albany fears is already coming to pass, thanks to the policies of poultry, beef, and pork processors. There the majority of native-born residents must endure the Third Worldization of their communities, as their taxes subsidize the social costs of the plants' cheap labor profiteering.

But some local people like the changes. These changes, to cite a few examples, bring more profits for slum-trailer landlords who rent to immigrants, more pupils for educators, more clients for social services, and more opportunities for secular and religious do-gooders to revel in multiculturalism.

Until recently, plants in such communities hired local people, and, in the case of the upper Midwest, paid good wages to a unionized work force. In the South the wages weren't often as good, but the jobs at least provided unskilled whites and blacks with a chance to earn a living.

Things changed during the 1970's and 80's, as the nation began losing control of its borders and legalized immigration soared toward record levels. A bonanza of cheap, serf-like labor was a temptation too great for many a greedy businessman. Soon existing plants filled with immigrants, and new plants were sure to hire them too.

As time went on, some communities became wary of processing plants. One

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was Hawarden, Iowa, on the border of South Dakota. When a beef packer proposed to locate there, recalls Hawarden resident Richard Younie, it promised to hire only local people. But within a few years, most of the workers were Latin American immigrants.

Younie is angry about the breach of trust. He has a right to be. In 1995, two illegal aliens murdered his son in an unprovoked attack. They had come to work at the plant. Younie recalls with irony how the local business establishments and churches tried to soothe local people into accepting multiculturalism with the theme "We're all the same." Experience taught him otherwise: "We just don't have the same values."

Fortunately, during the past couple of years, several small towns have risen to defend their identity and way of life by telling meat processors to stay out of town. Among them were Franklin, Kentucky, about 80 miles from Albany; Sulpher Springs, Texas; and Spencer, Iowa. In Spencer, the city government had to reverse its decision to welcome a processor when 1,000 residents showed up at a town meeting to voice their opposition. The effects of immigration were a primary concern. Their slogan: "Your Quality of Life Depends on Saying No!"

One hopes that the "spirit of Spencer" will grow into a general trend. Small towns need jobs, but not at the price of selling their souls. Those souls are important to the nation. A retired military officer once told me that our small rural towns are indispensable because, from his experience, they provide our best citizens and soldiers.

In the cemeteries of these communities are the plots of some of those soldiers, local sons who gave their lives to keep disruptive values and foreign domination far from their homes and homeland. How sad that some of their countrymen today would sell out those sacrifices, and import alien bedlam, just for the price of cheap profits. Perhaps those fallen sons will continue to rest in peace in places like Albany, Kentucky. Most likely, they won't.

John Vinson is president of the American Immigration Control Foundation.

LIBERAL ARTS

THE NEW BRITISH NAVY

Actual excerpts from the British Navy's "206's," officer fitness reports:

- When he joined my ship, this Officer was something of a granny; since then he has aged considerably.
- She sets low personal standards and then consistently fails to achieve them.
- He has the wisdom of youth, and the energy of old age.
- This Officer should go far—and the sooner he starts, the better.
- In my opinion this pilot should not be authorized to fly below 250 feet.
- The only ship I would recommend this man for is citizenship.
- Works well when under constant supervision and cornered like a rat in a trap.
- This man is depriving a village somewhere of an idiot.

LAW

Parenting and the State

by Mark G. Malvasi

In my day, and my day was not so very long ago, boys respected and even feared the fathers of the girls whom they dated. Growing up, I went out with a lot of Italian girls. I knew that their fathers ruled their households, their daughters, and me when I was with their daughters. If I wanted a second date or, in some cases, if I wanted to survive to manhood, I also knew that I had to behave myself. Now reports come from Stillwater, Oklahoma, about the ordeal of police sergeant John Jerkins, disciplined for slapping the boy he discovered having sex on his living room sofa with his 17-year-old daughter.

Jerkins believed that a state law gave him the right to punish a juvenile in his home. Actually, the law permits parents to use "reasonable force" only against their own children. Nevertheless, District Attorney Robert Hudson refused to prosecute Jerkins, believing that he could not secure a conviction. "We know the climate in Oklahoma," Hudson said. "People think that is conduct you might expect from a parent." Police officials were neither so discerning nor so acquiescent. With the support of the city attorney, they demoted Jerkins to patrolman and docked him $705 in pay and $350 in pension benefits every month. He in turn appealed for reinstatement.

Of course, there followed the inevitable assault on Jerkins' character. A veteran with 19 years of service to his community, Jerkins has an unblemished record and a reputation for poise and self-control. Those accomplishments, however, did nothing to prevent city administrators from questioning aloud Jerkins' qualifications and temperament following the incident. The most asinine commentary came from the City Attorney Mary Ann Karns, who said: "If this officer for some reason can no longer maintain the control he is famous for, he's at risk on the street."

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Whom does Karns think she is fooling? Does she expect a father who has just stumbled upon his teenage daughter in the midst of sexual intercourse with her boyfriend to remain calm? Wasn't Jerkins' outrage justified, especially since he and his wife had confronted both the couple and the boy's parents three weeks earlier to insist that their carnal activity cease? Does Karns believe that most persons cannot distinguish between how an experienced policeman might behave on the street and how an angry father might respond to shield his daughter, particularly when the young lady did not have sense enough to protect herself?

Far from being deranged by this episode, as Karns' remark implied, Jerkins' sense of reality seems unimpaired. "This isn't just about me," he asserted. "It's about parents and what their duties and responsibilities are, and what they can legally do in their own home." Jerkins and his wife appear to take seriously their obligations to raise their children themselves, knowing that only they can determine the kind of persons their children will one day become.

Complaints about children gone astray are legion. The cry "Where were the parents when this was happening?" is an endless lament. Well, John Jerkins was exactly where he should have been: at home, making certain that his children were obedient and safe. He tried to preserve what remained of his daughter's innocence and his family's name, and he was rebuked for his efforts.

Fortunately, common sense and good judgment have prevailed, sort of. Jerkins has been reinstated with full pay and benefits. A final disposition of the case, however, was not likely to come until after we went to press, when an arbitrator would decide whether Jerkins is to be suspended for one week without pay, as city officials prefer, or whether he will be fully exonerated of all charges. The outcome turns on Jerkins' willingness to admit he erred in his interpretation of a state law that allows parents to discipline only their own children. Not until an earlier arbitration hearing to protest his demotion did Jerkins concede the point. "That's when he made the kind of statements everyone had been looking for," said Stillwater city attorney Mary Ann Karns. "We began discussing a settlement."

"The law," wrote Oliver Wendell Holmes, "is the witness and external deposit of our moral life." The case of John Jerkins suggests that Holmes' conviction no longer prevails. In his Charles Evans Hughes Memorial Lecture of 1980, Irving Younger offered a more accurate description of the law: "Our generation has thirty times more law than our great-grandparents' generation, most of that increase attributable to legislation. . . . Will anyone venture to contend that with thirty times more law we are thirty times happier or wiser or better governed or more contented than our great-grandparents were?" Younger might also have asked whether this inflation of the law has rendered us any more secure.

When I was a boy, any adult who lived in the neighborhood could discipline a mischievous child. Parents generally welcomed these efforts, knowing that from them their children would learn the rudiments of civilized behavior and would develop a healthy respect for legitimate authority. They also knew that the neighbors' supervision would help to keep their children safe.

John Jerkins acted as any responsible parent would have done, and yet he was punished for it. Perhaps it is the members of the Oklahoma legislature whose judgment ought to be under scrutiny.

Mark G. Malvasi teaches history at Randolph-Macon College in Ashland, Virginia.

Killer Hedges

by Paul Likoudis

Sometimes it takes distance and time passed before we can look back and laugh at the situations that take place in our lives, but Tom Fleming's run-in with the busybodies in his hometown who objected to his bushes made me laugh, because my wife and I had a similar encounter.

Here's some background. The Village of Williamsville, about eight miles east of the Buffalo city line on the old stage coach road from Boston to Buffalo, was once a lovely little farming village settled by Connecticut Yankees after the War of 1812. After World War II, like so many other rural villages that surrounded great cities, it saw a phenomenal growth in population, but the character of the village remained relatively unchanged until the University of Buffalo built its new campus in Amherst during the Vietnam War, and the outskirts of the village—once dairy and wheat farms—were covered with shopping malls and strip plazas.

In 1986, my wife and I, with four children then, moved to Williamsville after a realtor showed us a magnificent but terribly neglected, four-square prairie-style house built of massive concrete blocks faced with granite chips. The builder, Ignatz Oechsner, was a local character who came from Germany and worked at one of the slaughterhouses on Buffalo's east side, and the house he built for himself at the turn of the century was a manly fortress. The base of the foundation was at street level and the house's enormous leaded-glass windows looked out over the corner of South Ellicott and Oakgrove. He surrounded the property with a barberry hedge, arborvitae, and in his own old age, two militant German Shepherds patrolled the yard, and put the fear of Ignatz in anyone who dared walk by. He demanded, and got, privacy.

When we bought the house from his estate at a bargain price, it had been empty for nearly a decade. The chimney was falling down, there were 40 broken windows, and the house was crawling with moles, mice and rats, squirrels, chipmunks, and other assorted vermin. The original large yard had been sold off years before and the remaining tiny space needed enhancement, so in late fall, we planted a hedge of forsythia, a good buy at five dollars per plant.

We understood that we lived in the upscale, coded community of Williamsville, and so before purchasing a dozen small plants, we called village public safety officials and building inspectors to ask where we could plant the hedge legally. We were told the hedge had to be at least three feet in from the sidewalk, and so we planted it six feet just to be safe.

We planted in November 1987, to commemorate our one-year anniversary in what we were starting to feel was home. Over the next few years, we continued landscaping our small corner lot, putting in perennials, flowering trees and shrubs, trying to protect our privacy while giving the neighborhood a beautiful sight to see. Since we were bordered on two sides by pedestrian walkways, we were careful to plant good ground covers to keep the walks clean and also not to add trees or bushes that would shed annoying or slippery berries, seeds, etc.

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In the fall of 1988, my wife, Paulette, earned some notoriety as the spokesman for the local Project Rescue, which was engaging in some successful anti-abortion activity. Bomb-sniffing dogs had to tour the house once two days before Christmas before we were allowed in, we were receiving bushels of unrequested magazines, books, and CDs every day, and the number of threatening phone calls increased. There were sudden disruptions of our telephone service on three consecutive anniversaries of *Roe* v. *Wade*, which baffled repairmen. And then there was the mysterious termination of a credit card when we were on vacation one year.

As "rescue" activity waned and lawsuits against pro-lifers proliferated, one of the most prominent attorneys for abortion providers was a Williamsville resident, Glenn Murray, who was also a legal advisor for the village. His associate in village affairs was Tom Troy, the Village Attorney.

Troy's daughter and son-in-law, also residents on our street, had recently sold a portion of their property to psychiatrist Rupert Brook where he built a large contemporary home with unimaginative island plantings which would be maintained by a yard service crew. Clearly, it was a structure out of character with the neighborhood and for some time the neighbors discussed how a permit could have been granted. After taking residence there, Brook usually ran the stop sign at our corner, seemingly in an angry rush on most days.

In June 1992 my wife was pulling weeds from the barberry hedge when, unbelievably, the mailman delivered a letter issued by Deborah Habes, administrator of the Village of Williamsville Building Department, stating that "a potentially hazardous situation exists at the corner of your property that fronts on South Ellicott and Oakgrove. The bushes at that corner have been allowed to grow high enough so as to impede visibility for motorists, bicyclists and pedestrians negotiating that corner. This is a violation of Section 89-7 of the Village Code, which requires that shrubs be kept to a maximum of three (3) feet when they are located within fifteen (15) feet of a street. I am enclosing a copy of the relevant code for your review. These bushes shall be trimmed to a height not exceeding three (3) feet by Wednesday June 24, 1992, or it will be necessary for the Village to take further action."

On June 16, Paulette called Habes and said she would trim the bushes, but I was not going to comply. I called the mayor, the building inspector, the manager of the streets department, one other official, and together we took measurements which definitively established that our hedges were not in violation because they were slightly more than 19 feet from the street. Moreover, our corner was not a busy center of traffic.

One of the officials we communicated with attributed the incident to an anonymous complaint, from a person who said "he has had trouble with you before." Not remembering any "trouble" with our neighbors, my wife trimmed the hedge in a spirit of cooperation.

Nine months later, however, we received another letter, dated March 29, 1993, from David Sutton, Village Building Inspector, informing us that "as a result of a recent change in the Village's Vehicle and Traffic Safety Code, the bushes on the corner of your property . . . exceed the maximum height allowing within twenty (20) feet from a street line in both directions. Section 103-20 (E) (2) prohibits any obstruction to vision between three and seven feet above street level at a corner intersection. . . . On March 15, I conducted an inspection of the site as a result of a complaint to this office. I verified that these partic-

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ular plantings are in violation of the section of the Code. . . . Please trim the plantings."

Now my wife and I were both furious and fighting mad. Who, we wondered, would complain about our forsythia? When they were in bloom, many people walked by to admire them. People driving down the street stopped to look. Some even took pictures of them. We began to photograph dozens of village hedges in violation, which we planned to register with the village government.

Paulette went door-to-door asking the neighbors if they felt threatened by the "killer" hedge. One did not like the hedge, saying "it looks like a jungle." The only person my wife did not ask—because he was never home—was Rupert Brook.

After her neighborhood canvas, I walked to the Village Office and asked if the second complaint was also anonymous. It had been filed by Dr. Brook, an individual allegedly in the business of helping patients handle personal conflict. My wife left a few phone messages on the Brooks' answering machine, but when the calls were not returned, she went directly to the Brooks' front door to ask why the hedge was so frightening to the doctor, and further, why he would not have first discussed it with us before going to the authorities. He could not be found at home.

My wife talked to both the former and the current "tree warden" and both visited our property: both said they did not feel threatened by the forsythia. From them, we learned that a neighbor, Patrick Kelly, a member of the Village Board, had sponsored the change in the law. Paulette visited Kelly and asked why he sponsored the change. He responded, "What's going to happen when someone gets picked off on that corner?" My wife said we had lived there with six children, plus visiting friends, that both she and I were home all the time, and there had never been so much as a dead duck (there were lots of ducks in the neighborhood) near our property.

Early in the evening of April 3, 1993, with my list of hedge violation addresses in hand, I walked to Tom Troy's house to present the list to him. I wanted him to take immediate action, and I was prepared to tell him that after he sent me copies of letters mailed to all the violators, I would trim my hedge. His wife graciously invited me in to their home and led me into the dining room, where Troy and two guests from England were about to have dinner.

Troy introduced me to his guests: "This is Paul Likoudis. He and his wife are two of Western New York's leading pro-life activists, and his father, James, is an ultraconservative Catholic right-winger, the founder of *Credo*." He was obviously prepared to continue, so I interrupted him: "I'm not here to talk about my background and my family, but to deliver a letter containing addresses of all properties in Williamsville that are in violation of the new village ordinance. We are concerned about the flagrant, life-threatening abuses that exist."

Troy responded that the village could no longer be passive about violations, and that all violators would be brought into compliance. I responded that I could not understand why the village was so intent on harassing us for our hedges. He, perhaps a mite tipsy, replied: "It's all a plot to get you, Mr. Likoudis, and your wife, out of Williamsville."

Disregarding his inane comment, I explained that before we planted the hedge, we received the advice on where we could plant from village authorities, and in 1992, after receiving the first complaint, the mayor and three other authorities took measurements and determined the hedge was legal. "Why," I asked, "did the village have to change the law?"

"The law was changed," he affirmed again, "in a plot to get Paul and Paulette Likoudis out of Williamsville." I continued the line of questioning, and each time he gave the same answer. "What is this, the People's Republic of Williamsville?" I asked. He raised his wine glass. "Long live the People's Republic of Williamsville."

I then asked him to let me know when he had sent letters informing all violators of the hedge law to comply. He answered: "Haven't you sold your house? Aren't you moving out of Williamsville? You're going to be causing a lot of difficulty for people on your way out," to which I replied that it did not matter.

He insisted again that the law was changed specifically to "get Paul and Paulette Likoudis out of Williamsville." "Is this the People's Republic of China?" I asked. He again raised his wine glass and toasted: "Long live the People's Republic of China." "Tom," his wife interjected, "you really shouldn't say things like that."

One month later, I went to the Village Board Meeting and reported the conversation before the entire board. The majority defended Troy and the new policy, but one member asked the other board members why Paulette and I were not invited to the board meeting, since the law was rewritten specifically with us in mind. No one had an answer. Two months later, we shook the dust from our feet and moved from Williamsville. One year later, Troy was replaced as Village Attorney. Three years later, the hedges in front of our old house are magnificent, and the new owners, apparently, are not being harassed about the forsythia.

Paul Likoudis is news editor for the Wanderer.

RELIGION

Pravoslavophobia

by James George Jatras

Item: An American of Greek origin calls a congressional office to protest United States policies in Bosnia that would place Christian Serbs at the mercy of a hostile Muslim regime. "So-called Christians," corrects a member of the congressman's staff, ignorant of the caller's religion.

Item: A national opinion magazine carries on its cover a harsh caricature of Russian "nationalism" personified by three vicious bears, costumed as a peasant, a "czarist" officer, and an Orthodox bishop in liturgical vestments!

Item: In another issue of that magazine, one writer, for whom Orthodox-baiting has been a preoccupation, conjures up an "Orthodox revanche" involving Greece, Serbia, Bulgaria, and Russia that has "drenched" Eastern Europe in "Muslim blood." And in yet another issue of the magazine the "near genocide" of Muslims in Bosnia is cited as "virtually consecrated by the Orthodox church."

Item: A distinguished retired American general, commenting on possible NATO expansion, states his view that (traditionally Roman Catholic) Poland, Hungary, the Czech Republic, and, maybe, Slovakia should be rapidly admitted to the Western alliance, but (Or-

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thodox) Romania and Bulgaria should *never* be allowed in—and Greece should be ejected!

Item: The Sunday magazine of a leading national newspaper depicts, in appropriate iconographic style, with the Kremlin looming in the background, a mounted Saint George as a black-shirted member of the extremist Pamyat ("Memory") organization.

Reviewing American media coverage of a series of ethnic conflicts in Eastern Europe—Ukrainian Uniates vs. Ukrainian Orthodox, Hungarians vs. Romanians in Transylvania, Croats and Albanians vs. Serbs in the former Yugoslavia, Bulgarian Turks vs. Bulgarian Bulgarians—*St. Sophia Quarterly* editor Fr. Alexander Webster, author of *The Price of Prophecy: Orthodox Churches on Peace, Freedom, and Security*, observed in a 1990 *Washington Post* op-ed that historical complexities are invariably reduced to identification of "oppressor and victims," with the Orthodox contenders predictably wearing the black hats. The message is clear: the Orthodox East is the home of troublemakers. "They" (Americans are told) are evidently not like "us"—and the difference is not for the better.

There is an odd consistency to slanted, snidely anti-Orthodox, Western observations of Eastern European phenomena. First, one seldom if ever sees overt, explicit condemnation of Orthodoxy as a religion or of Orthodox national cultures *as such*. (But there are those who come awfully close. Christopher Hitchens in the *Nation* has made it his specialty to pepper his commentaries with gratuitous slaps at the "Serbian fundamentalist Orthodox"—whatever that means—and the presumed victimization of Muslim Chechens and Bosnians by "a sort of neo-czarist and Christian Orthodox imperium.") Generally, though, there is the use of images (the vicious bears, the Pamyat Saint George, the ubiquitous editorial cartoon villain labeled "the Serbs") that drive home the notion that "the Orthodox are bad." Or a mood is woven with seductively vague language: Romanian culture, wrote Robert D. Kaplan, author of *Balkan Ghosts*, in 1993, is "a blend of Latin sexuality and flair, Eastern Orthodox mysticism and superstition, and Byzantine intrigue." Now, he doesn't actually claim that "mysticism" and "superstition" are more or less the same thing, both equally "Orthodox." Nor does he come out and *say* Romanians are lecherous, irrational, and deceptive, but his reader will hardly miss the point. Or the broadcast media routinely and pointedly (one has to assume this *is* deliberate) match footage of Bosnian Serb officials attending church, crossing themselves, exchanging a threefold kiss, in the company of what to Western eyes must look like outlandish, if not threatening, hirsute figures wearing garish clerical robes—while the voice-over recounts the atrocities the officials are accused of having committed.

Second, it doesn't seem to matter whether the Western observer is Protestant, Roman Catholic, or Jewish (or most likely, not religious at all, though some might identify with one creed or another). The sense of the Western "us" versus the Eastern "them" is identical. Likewise, the specific religious identity of the presumptive victimized population juxtaposed to that of the supposed Orthodox oppressor likewise seems to make little difference. Whether the conflict is with Roman Catholics or with Muslims, the Orthodox are in the wrong.

Third, to the extent that the historical dimensions of current conflicts are noted at all, any past sins committed against the Orthodox are well past the moral statute of limitations. The annexation of the Ukrainian Uniates by the Russian Orthodox Church "counts," but the "Union" of Brest doesn't. The last two centuries of Polish subjugation by Russia is a moral reflection on the latter, but the two centuries before that, when the shoe was on the other foot, are irrelevant. Romanian discrimination against Transylvanian Magyars (between the world wars and since 1945) is a disgrace, but Hungarian treatment of Romanians under the Habsburgs and the Arrow Cross is forgotten. Serbia's repression of the Albanian Muslim majority in Kosovo since 1989 is roundly condemned, but the violent means employed by the Albanians under Turks, Nazis, and communists alike to *become* the majority are overlooked. The "international community" fairly cheered when the renascent fascist regime of Franjo Tudjman in Croatia, with American and German assistance, blasted their way past U.N. peacekeepers and depopulated the Serb Krajinas in the summer of 1995. But of course the Serbs "had it coming" for having had the temerity to take control of the Krajinas in the summer of 1991, on the flimsy grounds of being the majority population in the disputed areas. Conveniently omitted from news coverage was any mention of the horrendous slaughters perpetrated against the same Krajina (and Bosnian) Serbs during World War II, or even the reminiscent expulsions of tens of thousands of Serbs from Croatia in the spring of 1991 even *before* Croatia declared its independence.

Fourth and finally, the Orthodox can be defamed with impunity. Call us names, mock our icons, ridicule our clergy, demand we be bombed, applaud our eradication—it's all in good fun. No journalist or camera-jockey fears a lawsuit from an Orthodox Christian version of the Anti-Defamation League, much less a *fatwa* of the type placed on Salman Rushdie. Even a letter of protest to the editor of the offending publication is unlikely to be published. We are a soft target.

To what do we attribute this phenomenon? For that matter, is it a single phenomenon—more than just a combined Serbophobia, Russophobia, Hellenophobia, etc.? We might simply call it Pravoslavophobia, thus pinpointing the Orthodox religion, with its distinctive cultural stamp.

In his aforementioned *Washington Post* essay, Fr. Alexander suggested the seeming anti-Orthodox slant in media coverage "is due largely to an affinity of reporters and pundits for 'Western' culture, meaning Western [i.e., Protestant and Roman Catholic—or even post-Christian] Europe and often only Northwestern Europe. These cultural blinders preclude recognition of the full range of Western civilization, which includes Byzantine political and religious culture too."

Undoubtedly, that factor—an affinity for one's own Western experience coupled with ignorance of the separate cultural development of Orthodox Eastern Europe—is important. But there seems to be more to it than that. To start with, many of the Westerners who denigrate the Orthodox have not even the slightest idea who we are or what makes us different from the West. Even a semi-educated Westerner (and probably most Orthodox Easterners) could take a stab at explaining, say, Roman Catholicism as having something to do with the Pope of Rome and Protestantism as a Bible-based protest against papalism. But when they come to Orthodoxy, they draw a blank. They can't really hate us, because they don't even have any clear idea who we are. In fact, most serious

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Western Christians have a fairly positive attitude toward Orthodoxy. (Protestants generally regard Orthodoxy as superior to Roman Catholicism and vice versa. We're everybody's second-favorite religion.)

A few years ago, I had the opportunity to discuss this matter, in the context of the current Balkan war, with His Grace, Bishop Atanasije (Jevtic) of Herzegovina, one of the infamous, supposedly "nationalist" bishops close to the Bosnian Serb leadership. He had come to Washington to plead his people's case to Western politicians and media, to point out that while Serbs were sinners, not angels, they were certainly not the demons our media made them out to be. In particular, he hoped to present documentary evidence of recent Croatian atrocities against the Orthodox in his diocese, mainly near the town of Medjugorje, the site both of World War II massacres and of an ongoing "Marian apparition" particularly popular among "charismatic" Roman Catholics. Naturally, no one was interested. Only atrocities committed—or said to have been committed—*by* Serbs have news value. (His Grace told me about little children running from him in terror in a Swiss airport when they heard he was a Serb.)

As we discussed the West's hostility to his plight, I advanced the following theory, which His Grace believed to have some merit: Yes, Pravoslavophobia does exist, but it is a prejudice in the purest sense of the word—a prejudgment based on ignorance, a bias resting on regional parochialism. This prejudice reflects the fact that we are different from Westerners, but they themselves are only vaguely aware of the nature of the difference. It is something they feel rather than think.

This requires some explanation. One of the shibboleths of contemporary Western thought is multiculturalism: an exaggerated, if condescending, affirmation of the worth of other races and nations, religions and cultures. In addressing a non-Christian, non-European civilization, a high-minded Westerner feels obligated to emphasize that their folkways are not only just as good as his but maybe even better ("They have *so* much to teach us!"). Indeed, in "celebrating their diversity," he may feel the need to denigrate his own social traditions, which, after all, are largely the handiwork of white, Christian, heterosexual males. However, the same enlightened Westerner does not experience the same pressures when confronting the Orthodox East as he would when speaking to or about, say, Mohawks, Zulus, Chinese, or Afghans. We Orthodox are different enough for him to feel that we are alien but not different enough for him to feel obligated to respect us.

In sum, he perceives us as warped, distorted versions of himself. When he looks at us, he sees a mangled version of his own face, which produces a vague, inarticulate sense of unease, if not revulsion. And since he can't be in the wrong—the problem must be us.

Here is perhaps the greatest irony of the East/West divide within Christendom. After all, the West was once Orthodox—while we were never Roman Catholic or Protestant. The ancient Christian kingdoms of England, France, Spain, etc., began their emergence from barbarism as *sub-Byzantine states and cultures*, displaying, of course, their own distinctive features, much as Greece, Bulgaria, Romania, etc., differ from each other. In time, history was kinder to the West, which achieved its own distinctive cultural synthesis in the High Middle Ages, while the Orthodox East was crippled first by Ottoman/Mongol conquests (often aided by the depredations of our Western brethren) and then by a host of imported Western psychoses, like socialism. Even so, it is still clear, as a historical matter, that in the area of culture no less than religion, the West is derivative of the East, not the other way around.

In the closing decade of this millennium, sensitizing the West to its anti-Orthodox prejudice should not be seen as just one more example of whining and special pleading by yet one more "aggrieved" group. In the wake of two devastating intra-Christian civil wars (World War I and II), the once globally dominant European civilization—what some still quaintly refer to as Christendom—finds itself culturally, morally, religiously, and, perhaps worst of all, demographically moribund. At the same time, the non-European world, spearheaded by a reinvigorated and militant Islam no longer cowed by Western technical and military superiority, is on the offensive. As it happens, along virtually the entire front between Christendom and Islam (from the Balkans through the Caucasus and all through central Asia to the Chinese frontier) the frontline Christian states, *all of them Orthodox*, are not only actively engaged against the Muslim advance but, in most cases, must contend with the West's tacit or explicit support for their foes. If for no other reason than self-interest, the West should seriously think out long-term consequences of a possible collapse of the Orthodox East. The throat you help slit today may turn out to be your own.

James George Jatras writes from Arlington, Virginia. A version of this article ran in the St. Sophia Quarterly.

REGIONALISM

That Demon Weed

by Joyce L. Bennett

When I hear all the talk about tobacco, I think of my Uncle Rollins, a green-visored straw hat on his salt-and-pepper head and a two-day stubble on his seasoned farmer face. He is standing in a field or by an unpainted barn as he crumbles a yellow-brown leaf and sticks a wad of 'bacca in his mouth to chew. August mornings and fields of the University of Maryland's number 64 plants topping out with white blossoms also come to mind when I reminisce about the raising of the infamous crop. During childhood summers blessed by just the right amount of rainfall, the tobacco would be tall and heavy with exquisitely shaped leaves. Midlife reverie sometimes takes me back to the dark, cool interior of my father's own barn, a place where children would build houses out of tobacco sticks and where copperheads were inclined to hide in the fall.

Autumn on a tobacco farm is gentle and slow and belies the reality of brutal July and August labor and men working and praying for the tiniest puff of breeze blown across the peninsula from saltwater rivers. I ache when I recall the dusty September smell of the harvested plants curing and with such a remembrance can briefly visit a life antithetical to what passes for living in these times. I am but one more old fogey, I suppose, looking to the past and dreading the future, but I consider myself fortunate to be able to mourn the passing of my tide-

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water, country heritage. At least I have known such a life.

I am grateful that I was not raised like some hothouse flower, living in air-conditioned isolation from the natural world. I was never belted into a minivan and catapulted down a highway at 75 m.p.h. to be delivered by a stressed-out and preoccupied driver to the childcare center so both parents could go to work to pay an $1,800-a-month mortgage on a poorly constructed development home where today's family abides for a time before career changes or the divorce. Any child who has not run barefoot down a row of tobacco is disenfranchised by my standards.

But in spite of an appreciation for my primitive, rural upbringing and my reverence for the tobacco-growing traditions, on a November morning in 1990, I quit smoking. I was home from work, sitting around drinking coffee and lighting up one Marlboro Light after another, when I ran out of cigarettes. In an instant, on that morning, I understood how tired I had grown of a habit that was more a burden than a pleasure. Since my father had died of a heart attack in 1987, I had been smoking but constantly worrying over what it was doing to my health. Daddy had smoked for about 25 years. I remember that as a little girl, I would hug him and that his white shirts had always smelled of Winstons, a soothing fragrance to a child who loved her father and who was growing up in tobacco country. His dying was not necessarily attributable to smoking since he had quit the habit several years before his death, but his passing away at the age of 65 had made my own glassy essence, at last, a reality to me.

Even as my anxiety had grown over the years, I never thought I would be able to overcome the addiction. But something happened that morning six years ago. Just about to go out to buy more cigarettes, out of the blue, I said to myself, "You are now a nonsmoker." I did not say, "It's been two minutes since you quit." I was at that very moment, and with the help of God, a nonsmoker. Although I did fall off the wagon at my brother's oyster scald on that bitterly cold New Year's Eve following my big decision and sank so low at one point during what turned out to be a sad and neverending January that I ate a box of Krispy Kreme sugar-glazed doughnuts while sitting in front of my kerosene heater, I have remained relatively thin and smoke-free to this day.

But I am a reformed smoker who does not rant and rave against tobacco, tobacco growers, or the industry in the manner of today's politicos. Admittedly, I am not objective concerning this particular subject. After all, I am the granddaughter of a man who was said to have raised some of the prettiest tobacco in St. Mary's County, Maryland. The tobacco-growing culture which shaped me is a part of my Southern heritage, and I recognize that the vestiges of a tobacco-based economy link Maryland with the rest of the tidewater South even as carpetbaggers from Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New York stream over the Mason-Dixon. As old Maryland disappears, what is most disturbing is that people, including the majority of Marylanders, are pitifully unschooled in the state's geography and history. They might not know, for example, that while cotton and other crops have been raised here, tobacco has always been king in Maryland. Nevertheless, while I am one nonsmoking Marylander with a warm spot in her heart for all that tobacco represents, I am glad to be free from the cigarette habit.

As a nonsmoker, I enjoy many benefits. I feel and look better, spend less money, and my clothes and hair smell sweeter. I'll never have to go out in the middle of a snowstorm to buy cigarettes as I did one winter or experience the disappointment every smoker feels when he discovers there is only one left in the pack. Smokers, who are resourceful people, must always plan ahead for mornings, for hurricanes, for blizzards. No one, the smoker reasons, should have to get out of bed, especially on a Monday morning, and have that first cup of coffee without the accompaniment of a cigarette. Unlike the smoker, I don't have to fret about the future as much now.

Inconsistent with my relatively newfound freedom from nicotine is a tolerant attitude toward the addicted. Oddly enough, I don't care if I sit in the nonsmoking section of a restaurant. In fact, my favorite cafe, located in Lusby, Maryland, to my knowledge, has no policy of segregating smokers from nonsmokers, but does have the best fatback-seasoned string beans I have ever tasted. Furthermore, people might consider me strange because I believe that there is nothing as rude as a hostess who invites people to her home and then asks guests to smoke outside. I can't imagine a Christmas Day on which nonsmoking kinfolk, cups of Virginia eggnog in their hands, look out frosty windows at some poor soul puffing away and sitting at the picnic table in the backyard. What a violation of the rules of hospitality.

When I first quit, I was afraid I wouldn't know how to act around the nicotine addicts in my life. My best friend in the world is a Kentucky girl and a smoker. I wondered how she would react to me as one of those holier-than-thou health nuts? Fortunately, everything has worked out for our friendship. I have discovered that I am as tolerant or as intolerant as I was in the old days when I inhaled. Even before I quit, a very heavy concentration of smoke, such as I once experienced in an Amtrak car filled with chainsmoking Japanese tourists on their way to Philadelphia, would make me sick. Otherwise, a little smoke here and there is no problem for me. I can still sit at the kitchen table with a smoking friend talking and drinking coffee for hours.

Truthfully, sometimes fellow nonsmokers get on my nerves a little. They are often overly precise and tend to complain of allergic reactions to smoke. Why can't they just say they don't like smoking rather than coming up with ailments? Reformed smokers, in particular, can be tedious in their enthusiasm. They can detect a puff of smoke from 50 feet away and are offended by even the slightest suggestion of fumes. While I believe that smokers have a responsibility, as we all do, to consider others as much as possible, some nonsmokers, typical of many people these days, want a perfect world and think that they will live forever if they just avoid or eliminate all perceived threats to their health.

The truth is that no matter how judiciously we live, we are all going to die. It's just a matter of when. And some of us can do all the wrong things and still manage to live a long time. My grandmother, Madeleine, who died at the age of 100 and who was happy and healthy almost to the end, lived with heavy smokers for at least 40 years of her life and broke all the nutrition rules (Granny would fry oyster fritters in lard and then butter them). Who knows exactly what combination of factors determine how long we will live?

What I do know is that my grandmother did not make staying alive the focus of her life; she just lived with purpose and left the rest to God, not to a Presi-

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dent with a vendetta against R.J. Reynolds and other free enterprisers. My purpose is not yet apparent to me, but has something to do with history and politics. I am addicted to historical nonfiction and neglect housework and other responsibilities to read. And since I quit smoking, I have come out of the closet. I am now proud to call myself a conservative. There is no correlation that I can see between not smoking and becoming a conservative. Discovering my true political nature was simply a matter of time. Quitting smoking just coincided with my emergence as a meanspirited right-winger who thinks the tobacco companies should be left alone even if it is trendy to pick on these evil corporate interests. Inevitably, my traditional conservative inclinations hidden all these years have surfaced because I have grown older and wiser and have actually taken a moment to read the Constitution. As it turns out, I was destined to give up sophomoric liberal views along with my other bad habit. I am glad on both counts because life gets interesting after you go cold turkey.

Joyce L. Bennett writes from Leonardtown, Maryland.

LITERATURE

John O'Hara and American Conservatism

by Ralph de Toledano

In 1941, Edmund Wilson published a small book of pieces about several contemporary writers, tied together under the title, *The Boys in the Back Room*. It was a typical Wilsonian production—insightful, wrongheaded, and regal—synthesizing as "Hollywood writers" James M. Cain, William Saroyan, John Steinbeck, and others now forgotten, along with John O'Hara. That this linkage was gratuitous and artificial was based almost exclusively on the single fact that these writers had spent some time moiling in the Hollywood studios. Only Cain had any significant relationship with films and their makers, and John O'Hara very little, though two novels, *Hope of Heaven* and *The Big Laugh*, dealt with the Hollywood scene. To so categorize him was equivalent to calling Ernest Hemingway a Spanish product because of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* or the scenes in Spain in *The Sun Also Rises*.

John O'Hara's intellectual and emotional roots were East Coast throughout. He had been a newspaperman in New York, his short stories appeared mostly in the *New Yorker*, and the locale of his writings ranged from Gibbsville, the Pennsylvania city he created, to the Ivy League colleges, to a New York milieu—with their polloi/aristoi, their sights and sounds and smells. He was a jazz buff, but of the strictly Eastern conviction—that is, of the jazz that thrived in Manhattan's *boites*.

O'Hara burst on the literary scene with *Appointment in Samarra*, a novel which had the editing of Charles A. Pearce at Harcourt, Brace—the best O'Hara ever received because it was so light the pencil never appeared. The charge of "Hemingway influence" was immediately made by the critics—true only insofar as any serious novelist at the time paid a debt to Hemingway. That influence was only to a very small degree stylistic. For Hemingway was, for all his "realism" and occasional brutality, a romantic—involved with his plots and his characters, living and suffering with them. His romanticism, particularly in his view of women, was basically adolescent, as were his political views. For Hemingway, an orgasm could make the earth shake, whereas O'Hara could write of sex that "it's better with your shoes off."

The Hemingway influence, seemingly, was to write it clean—what made O'Hara turn away from Proust as "heavy, dull, overrated, and sometimes ludicrous," a judgment he might have tempered had he read the *Temps Perdu* in French. But with the publication of *Butterfield 8*, O'Hara's second novel, no one could reasonably mark him as Hemingwayan. The novels that followed ratified this point. And the disparity in styles and approach was even greater in the short stories. For nowhere did O'Hara display Hemingway's call on *machismo*, the in-turned emotionalism, or the compulsion to muscle-flexing. O'Hara had the highest respect for Hemingway as a writer, though not so much as a person, but that respect did not move him into Hemingway's *genre*.

O'Hara was always an observer and a depicter—aloof, sometimes slightly superior, and seldom judgmental in probing the social and cultural scene and the motivation, speech, and attitude of those on whom he focused. There is almost no relationship between the violence and high drama of Hemingway's world and O'Hara's upwardly and downwardly mobile middle-class with its upper-class pretensions. He wrote with an objectivity and *irony* in its classical definition that you find in Balzac—and his novels, short stories, and other pieces are a continuous flow of an America-style *comédie humaine*, akin to Balzac's gallic *oeuvre*. No single O'Hara novel or short story can be judged alone. They are all part of a *gestalt*, a broader and inclusive picture and hard to sort out—*Ten North Frederick, A Rage to Live* (which it was said he wrote as a vehicle for Joan Crawford), *The Lockwood Concern*, or *From the Terrace*.

"I write fast, and do not rewrite, so why pretend," he wrote in a letter—and the collection of his letters which was published in 1978 is a far better guide to his thinking and his achievement than anything written by his critics. But this was not an accurate statement, for John O'Hara was one of those writers who edits as he goes along, emending, modifying, and deleting—a gift bestowed on the better newspaper-trained writers. He had a sense of typography, of blocking out a paragraph so that it would make his point without directional arrows. And he was a master of indirect character delineation. Of a character in *A Rage to Live*, one of his more extended and allegedly "commercial" novels, he could write with justice, "At no time do I, the novelist, enter her mind. At no time am I the omniscient, ubiquitous novelist. The God." That takes a high form of craftsmanship.

For those of us who have had the fortune or misfortune of being writers—writers as more than those who sit down at the typewriter to turn out a best-seller and win a Pulitzer—John O'Hara moves us as one who never took his *métier* for granted. He was a *serieux* who not only worked at his craft but examined both it and himself *à tout vent*. Edmund Wilson and others hold forth on O'Hara's way of inserting long passages into, say, *Appointment in Samarra* or *Hope of Heaven* about a minor character who

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hardly advances the story. What they do not understand is that the story line be damned; the cameo appearance advances the portrait of the times and the novel. An editor could take a blue pencil to this, but the loss would be the reader's. And consider, O'Hara once remarked that he had invented Frank Sinatra in *Pal Joey*, written when Sinatra was 18, and Elizabeth Taylor as the Gloria Wandrous of *Butterfield* 8 when she was two.

This was not a boast or a pat on a prescient back, for O'Hara had synthesized a category of individual which perforce had to exist—and would have existed whether or not he had imposed his literary cookie-cutter. He never put himself among the immortal, though he was not modest about what he believed was his rise to the top. And he had some humor about it—humor tinged with deprecation for those who judged him. So he could, in a letter to Charles Poore, the *New York Times* literary dumpster, state: "Ah, but I do write like Kafka. Somewhere in those 24 volumes of scrapbooks that [my wife] has collected since we were married . . . there is a high-toned think-piece that groups me with Kafka, Kierkegaard, Camus, and Sartre. Somewhere else, of course, I am in the company of Cain, Chandler, Hammett, and Spillane. And somewhere else, Zola and Sinclair Lewis. I am a sort of utility outfielder, an all-purpose for-instancer. . . . Knuckle ball, slider, high hard one, letup ball, I do it that way to sustain my own interest" and to write it as he saw it, with a tremendous consistency that other writers superior to him did not have.

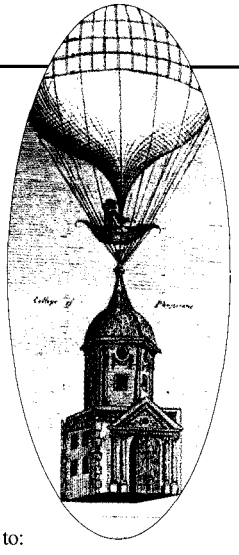
John O'Hara was not a "great" writer, and he wrote too much in order to sustain a lifestyle he had learned from those he satirized. But he was an important and a significant one. His style was deceptively clean, deceptively simple, which is the essence of good writing. He might have remained the toast of the makers and breakers who congregated at the Algonquin, gave their all for the Liberal Establishment and Dorothy Parker, and treasured their invitations to a Camelot which had forgotten that Guinevere and Lancelot were adulterers. From a tacit acceptance of the Popular Front idolatry and opiniatry, he moved under the prodding of his keen apperceptions of social mores to what we now call a conservative tradition. So he could write in 1962 to a friend at the *New Yorker*: "I am bothered by Bobby and by his brother . . . I am revolted by the filthy treatment they are giving [General Edwin] Walker"—charged with insurrection and sedition for giving his troops anti-Communist indoctrination. "I have known men like Walker, and some are dead and some are wearing high medals for valor. I'm sure I wouldn't get along with Walker, but I hate what they are doing to him. The ultimate discreditation, the brand of the psycho . . .

"I condemned McCarthy . . . but they disgusted me with their effort (which they couldn't make stick) to make lovers of him and [Roy Cohn]. . . . There is nothing too vile for their enemies—but what about Sumner Welles? Acheson? Hiss? What did Truman, no less, call Stevenson. . . . No matter what happens, we have already seen the Kennedy brand of fascism, and there will be more. Watch [Bobby]. I am told he is something. Watch John reaching for more executive power. . . . I was too New Deal to realize it at the time, but it all began with FDR. . . . This tribe will make FDR seem like an ardent democrat."

By 1964, O'Hara had moved further to the right. "The thought that [Barry Goldwater] has been chosen to run on a conservative ticket has the liberals sweating as though the first thing he plans to do is disconnect the hot line and push the bomb button. . . . It is already a cliché of this campaign that the incited Negro, led by the irresponsible, blood-thirsty Negro racists, may [decide the election]. . . . [Sixty-five words dropped by a politically correct editor from O'Hara's text.] I maintain that much of the guilt for the evil race situation must go to the liberals, whose conventional, strictly conformist view is that anything the Negro does is right, and everything that white man does is wrong. . . . But whether [Goldwater] gets it or not, the liberal movement is going to have a setback. And why not? The word [liberalism] has lost its meaning, the movement has lost its usefulness." And he was also going after the liberal reviewers. "Most of the people who are given books to review are as intolerant as any Ku Kluxer who ever lived. You go along with them, or by Christ they will try to destroy you."

That was the beginning of the end of John O'Hara, chronicler of the American middle class. Suddenly he was depicted as a Catholic trying to be a Yale-Princeton WASP and a darling of Wall Street. It became a high crime that he wore Charvet ties, drove an MG, and had his jackets tailored at Burberry's in London. His "bad manners" and "arrogance" were deplored, though never those of Gore Vidal. Whatever fruits of success had come to him were described as a payoff for his support of America's rich malefactors. He had sold out, sold out. Nothing had changed in his work, and the good, clear writing, the great ear for speech, which had been praised to the skies, were somehow evidence of his loss of literary talent—much as communist critics turned on Malraux's early communist novels after he had deserted Marx.

John O'Hara went, as John Dos Passos had gone. But the shelf of books he had written was still there. High school teachers, paying their union dues, might not put them on reading lists. And after his death, posthumous sales would not project him onto the New York *Times* best-seller list. But the books will not disappear, for they are a record which the liblabs would destroy of a period in American life. Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* may be a no-no to the NAACP, *Oliver Twist* and *The Merchant of Venice* ditto to the Anti-Defamation League



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which sought to have them banned by the public schools, and John O'Hara to Americans for Democratic Action. But the "proletarian" fiction which preceded him and which passed for "art" during the Depression, the wrathful grapes of John Steinbeck and the others who dominated critical attention in the 40's and 50's, and the Grub Street novelists of later decades will be forgotten—as they are now to all but the high school faculties who offer their fealty only to the National Education Association, while they defecate on the learning process. I have more than a suspicion that John O'Hara's novels and stories will persist, if only because they have something to say about the *commedia* that is life and death, and his record of what part of America was like in the 20th century, even after we are into the 21st. I still reread him, and so do others who are not concerned with the flim-flam of the Literary Establishment or John O'Hara's place in the pantheon of American writers, but in what he wrote.

Ralph de Toledano's latest book is The Apocrypha of Limbo, *a collection of religious poems.*

George Gissing in Rome

by Francesco Badolato

The Greek and Roman classics had a great influence on George Gissing, not least because the literature and history of antiquity provided him with a kind of refuge from the grim realities of the modern industrial and commercial world. Gissing was a highly cultivated man who was at home in several foreign languages—French, Italian, Spanish, German—and was well read in their literatures. (He also read the major Russian writers, in translation.) He preferred Dante and Boccaccio, whom he had read with growing appreciation since he was young. In fact, he wrote the poem "Ravenna," a historical evocation of the town, at the age of 15.

Why Gissing was so interested in modern Italy and why he preferred Italy over Greece is up for conjecture. Perhaps it's because he was less interested in ancient Greece than in ancient Rome. Or perhaps Italy attracted him because it combined the two classical cultures: Italy was the cradle of the ancient Roman world, and Southern Italy was once part of Magna Grecia. The main character in *The Unclassed* remarks, "*Romanus sum*," which may very well reflect Gissing's own sentiments.

From Gissing's youthful devotion to classical studies arose the desire to visit Italy, to see the relics of ancient civilization and, through his experiences, to recapture something of its spirit. His poverty delayed the realization of the dream, but in September 1888, at the age of 31, he was able at last to visit the Mediterranean. The diary that Gissing kept during his three visits (the first in 1888-89, the second in 1889-90, and the third in 1897-98), describes not only his reactions to the remains of the classical past, but reveals his delight in Italian art, his lively concern with Italian journalism and contemporary literature, and his close interest in Italian customs and the details of everyday life.

Gissing not only read intensely about Italy in preparation for his visits, but even carried with him during his travels several weighty tomes, such as Gautier's *Voyage en Italie*, Stendhal's *Promenade dans Rome*, and Leigh Hunt's *Stories from the Italian Poets*. Lenormand's three-volume work on *La Grande Grèce* also accompanied him throughout his journeys in Italy.

Gissing had a lively interest in Italian newspapers as well. At the end of October 1888, he wrote that he read the *Corriere di Napoli* every morning and *Il Piccolo* every evening, to improve his Italian and to be informed about events. Another newspaper that he used to read in Rome at breakfast time was the *Popolo Romano*, and when in Calabria he digested *La Tribuna*. In his diary, Gissing compares the Roman and Neapolitan newspapers: "The Roman newspapers are miserable rags. I find myself falling back on the *Corriere di Napoli*, which really has a lot of interesting matter, and it is well conducted. It seems to sell greatly in Rome."

From Gissing's *Diary* we learn much about his literary tastes at that time. For instance, he bought the *Poesie & Prose* of Giacomo Leopardi, perhaps being attracted to this writer's pessimistic view of human nature, which was combined with a certain romanticism. He also bought Silvio Pellico's *Le Mie Prigioni*, as well as some novels by the Sardinian novelist Grazia Deledda (who, many years later, in 1926, was to be awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature). The theme of love, often painful and unhappy, is conspicuous in most of Deledda's novels, in which the characters often seem controlled by an inexorable destiny.

When Gissing was in Naples the following year, he read Matilde Serao's *Addio, Amore!*, which was published in installments in the *Corriere di Napoli*, a newspaper edited by Serao herself. It is not surprising that Gissing was attracted to her naturalistic fiction, which paid much attention to the lives of the poor, their loves, their struggles to improve themselves, and their dedication to gambling.

Regarding Serao's *Il paese di cuccagna* (a Neapolitan novel, serialized in the *Corriere di Napoli*), Gissing writes to Miss Edith Sichel that, "The story was much better written than most that now appear in Italy (which is so swamped with translations from the French), but it showed so plainly the influence of foreign models, and was even a little amateurish in parts. The Italians can do nothing, I am afraid, in this direction. They have no imaginative vigour now-a-days; all their strength goes to commerce."

Gissing also showed interest in the works of Giovanni Verga, now regarded as probably the most important Italian novelist of the late 19th century. At the end of his third trip to Italy, Gissing attended the Teatro Nazionale in Rome, for a performance of "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." Unfortunately, he was not impressed: "Bad singers and rowdy house."

He also read *L'Ultima Battaglia di Prete Agostino* by Salvatore Farina, remarking that it was "far more interesting than I expected; in fact, excellently written. I must see more of the man's work." In this case, Gissing discovered literary merit in a writer most critics have judged mediocre. Thus, Giulio Cattaneo classifies him as a "fashionable novelist, much loved by lower middle-class readers." Cattaneo concedes, however, that the novels have a "certain documentary value, and they are all based on sound sentiments, above all on a strong defence of the family."

Among the other books that Gissing read were Pietro Giannone's *Istoria Civile del Regno di Napoli*, and *L'Eco del Vesuvio*, a large collection of Neapolitan

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songs. Another volume containing sketches of Neapolitan life engaged Gissing's attention to such an extent that he read it twice during his travels, first in a German translation, then in the original Italian: this was *Sebetia* by Amilcare Lauria, which Gissing judged "poor literary work but interesting." Probably it was the subject matter that Gissing found interesting, and his unfavorable verdict on its literary quality was later endorsed by Benedetto Croce, who noted Lauria's inability to produce works on a large scale but praised the vitality of his writing and the light it throws on Neapolitan life. Gissing also records having bought a copy of Dante's *Vita Nuova*, and "a couple of volumes of the Biblioteca Universale"; on another occasion, he records having bought several novels, *La Cieca di Sorrento* and *Novelle, Scene e Racconti*, both by Francesco Mastriani, *La Napoli che scompare* by Carlo Gaetani, but he does not say what he thought about them.

Gissing was fascinated by Italian art, buying and reading several books on the subject. He spent a long time gazing at Michelangelo's "Moses" in S. Pietro in Vincoli. In the Corsini Palace, he saw Caravaggio's "Madonna and Child," remarking on its "singular realism." He also saw the three "Ecce Homo": one by Dolci, with "his favourite effeminate face" and "long and soft hair"; the second, by Guercino, which Gissing thought "realistic, even painful. Bloodshot eyes and the mouth open in pain"; the third, by Guido Reni, had "no realism in the blood-drops. The whole is more idealistic, in a truer way, of course, than Dolci."

Gissing describes in detail his impressions of "The Transfiguration" in the Vatican Gallery, and of "The Last Judgment" and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. He expressed his enthusiasm for Italian art in a letter to his sister Margaret: "In the museums of the Vatican I walk about in a state of exultation, waving my arms and *shouting* in a suppressed voice."

Although Gissing showed much interest in Italian literature and art, and in various other aspects of the national life, there is little doubt that he was attracted most of all by Italy's classical remains and associations. Two of his letters attest the liveliness of his interest. In 1885, three years before his first visit, he wrote to his sister Ellen: "I dare not read a book about Rome, it gives me a sort of *angina pectoris*, a physical pain, so extreme is my desire to go there. And I shall not wait much longer." He also remarked that "Rome is the center of the Universe," and that to study the city for only "a year would be utterly inadequate and I can give only a month, but I hope to come again, and more than once."

In Taranto, Gissing, who had heard that different types of murex shells could be observed at Fontanella (by the shore of the Little Sea), went in search of the place, hoping to see these shells and to take at least one back to England as a souvenir; but he discovered that "Fontanella had vanished, swallowed up, with all remnants of antiquity, by the graceless Arsenal." Nevertheless, Gissing observed that the new Arsenal was "the pride of Taranto, and the source of its prosperity," and that it "signified substantial good to Italy!" Gissing remarked that anyone finding himself in Taranto would like to go to the river Galaeso—so loved by Horace—and walk along its banks.

While Gissing was in Cosenza, he thought of Alarico the Hun, remarking that "the rivers Busento and Crati still keep the secret of the 'royal sepulchre' adorned with splendid spoils the trophies of Rome." At Metaponto, Gissing examined with keen interest the "Tempio detto delle Tavole Palatine," one of the most important *reliquia*. Then he went in search of Siris, one of the famous cities of the ancient world. At Crotone, a town honored by Zeus for having painted the Temple of Hera Lacinia, Gissing unfortunately fell ill and was unable to go to see the only column that still survived.

While in Florence, Gissing wrote to his German friend, Eduard Bertz, "Yes, it is Italy still, but it is not Italy of the South. . . . The Uffizi and the Pitti are glorious, and the many churches are full of interest. But it is not Rome; it is not the bay of Pozzuoli; it is not divine Paestum, and Salerno and Capri. I have been taught in these days how intensely classical are my sympathies; if indeed I needed the lesson. Amidst the most splendid artistic work of the Renaissance, I felt a heartache for the Forum Romanum, and for the passionate beauty of the southern sea. At present there is but one word in my mind, and that is 'Sicily!'. . . There one has both Greece and Rome. In Sicily, with Thucydides and Theocritus in my hands, I shall reach the supreme earthly happiness."

But his dream of visiting Sicily remained unrealized. Gissing saw the northwestern coast of that island only when the ship in which he was traveling to Greece passed through the Straits of Messina. However, a few years later, he spent a few days in Reggio Calabria, from which he had a fine view of the same coast and of Mount Etna.

These comments by Gissing in his diaries and letters reveal Gissing's profound interest and delight in Italy. He was a cultivated student of classical civilization, of Renaissance art, and of Italian literature, and these Italian experiences enriched him as a man and influenced his literary work.

Francesco Badolato is the leading Italian authority on George Gissing.

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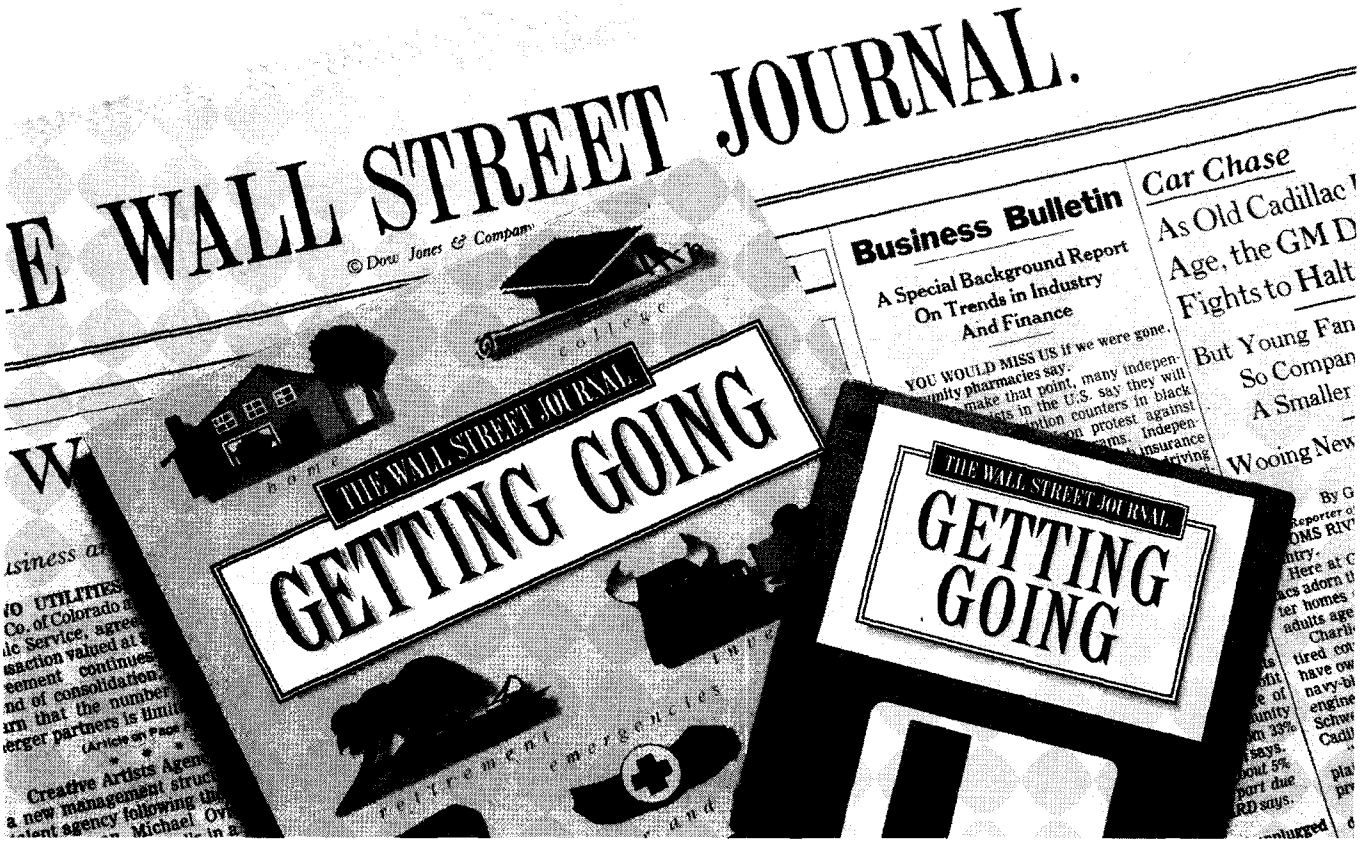

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